

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chapiro

BAUDOUIN I OF THE BELGIANS

The crisis is dead; long live the King.



Paul Hume photo

Decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

See and drive this 120-horsepower wonder car!

Great new Studebaker Commander V-8

New type V-8 engine! Spectacular zip and pep!
Best gas mileage of any 8 in Mobilgas Economy Run!
Surprisingly low in price!

*Overdrive, optional at extra cost, was used.

SEE THE THRIFTY STUDEBAKER CHAMPION, TOO... TOP VALUE OF THE TOP 4 LOWEST PRICE CARS
1951, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

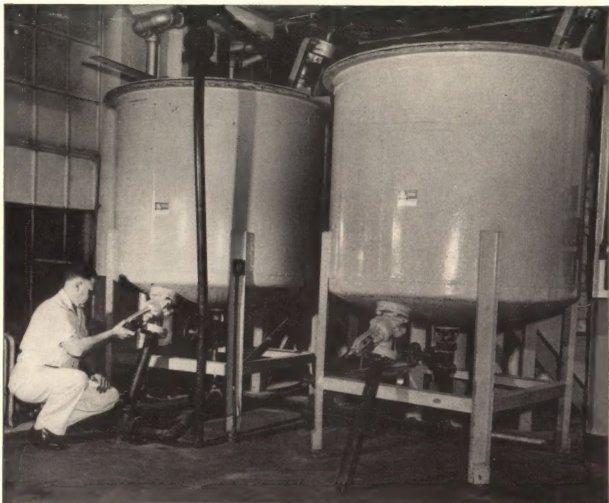


Photo courtesy McCormick and Co., Inc.

Pass the mustard — 500 gallons at a time

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THEY mix mustard for a week in those 500 gallon tanks until it passes a test for taste and smoothness. But when they used wood tanks, in a week's time vinegar would seep through the staves then attack the iron bands that held the tank together. And a burst or leaking tank of mustard is no picnic.

The mustard maker called in a B. F. Goodrich representative. B. F. Goodrich, years ago, made metal tanks practical by finding a way of locking a rubber

lining to metal so strongly and tightly that it practically becomes a part of the tank. The rubber is not affected by the vinegar and, in fact, stands most of the acids used in other industries. Here in the mustard tanks, B. F. Goodrich rubber linings have been in service over 12 years without a single leak.

This B. F. Goodrich method has saved countless dollars for industry —and in all these years has never been improved on, although many have tried.

This is another example of how money was saved and a job done better because B. F. Goodrich improved another of their products. Such improvements are typical — the result of day-by-day research. Your business too can benefit from this policy. Find out by calling in a BFG representative. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial and General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

LETTERS

Independents for Ike?

Sir:
Now is the time to start a new party. Eisenhower is the man to head it. Call it the Independence Party. "Independents for Eisenhower"—that would be the slogan. He would get the support of the better element in both the Republican and Democrat parties. Taft can't win, and as for Truman—may God save us from the form of American Communism that his regime is fastening upon us.

It is Eisenhower's plain duty to run—just as it was Washington's duty to lead the Continental army. Let's draft him. The country needs him and trusts him. He's honest. He knows how to handle people. He's one man who would have the confidence of both labor and business—and of the farmers and soldiers . . .

A. E. CORNELL

Tunkhannock, Pa.

Man with a Purpose?

Sir:
Governor Dewey's visit to the Far East . . . has far more possible content than your July 2 story was aware of. Although the man "so clear of eye and so steady of voice" declared he would never run for President again, he did not declare that he wouldn't accept the position of Secretary of State . . . say, under President Eisenhower.

J. J. BONGA JR.

Stockholm, Sweden

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TIME
July 30, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 5

TIME, JULY 30, 1951



"Here's why
I'm so completely sold

SS **on the
America** "

says **C. Donald Dallas**

Chairman of Revere Copper & Brass,
Incorporated

"I've never set foot aboard a more inviting, friendly ship. The officers and crew take real pride in their work—they just can't do enough for you. And every room on the *America*, without exception, is so thoroughly livable . . . furnished for solid comfort . . . decorated in exquisite taste.

"And if any place in the world serves more wonderful food," adds Mr. Dallas, "well, I've yet to find it! I can't recommend the *America* too highly to anyone."



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Reservations Now!

From New York to Cohn, Havre, Southampton: Aug. 8, Aug. 28, Sept. 15, Oct. 4, Oct. 24 and regularly thereafter. Beginning in August, fares reduced to: *First Class*, \$295 up; *Cabin*, \$200 up; *Tourist*, \$160 up (Aug. 28).

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AIR RAID WARNING SYSTEM—The Bell System is providing nationwide communication facilities for defense at the request of military authorities. The photograph shows aircraft movements being mapped in a Civilian Defense "filter" center, as reports from strategic observation posts are received by telephone.

The Telephone Is a Vital Link in Civilian Defense

The Nation's air raid warning system is just one of many ways in which the Bell System is spending millions of dollars to help make this country strong and safe. Civilian Defense is based on quick communications and the telephone is a vital, indispensable link in it.

Defense is our No. 1 job and we are giving it first call on new construction and facilities. We know you would want it that way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



New Air Conditioner is compact, easy to install, low in cost!



Window-type Frigidaire unit puts real air conditioning in reach of thousands

The Frigidaire Room Air Conditioner is bringing a whole new kind of comfort to homes and offices. For this compact, plug-in unit gives really complete air conditioning priced within the reach of thousands who never before knew they could afford it!

With a Frigidaire Room Air Conditioner in your own home or office, you can enjoy pleasantly cool, dry air—filtered clean of dust and dirt providing supply and exhaust ventilation. Gives real relief to hay fever sufferers. Cuts street noises to a minimum, too. Learn how easily one can be installed—and best of all—learn how reasonably priced your unit will be.

No plumbing or duct work needed!

This Frigidaire Air Conditioner is quickly installed in almost any double-hung window—then just plug in. It's as easy as that—because the Frigidaire Air Conditioner is



powered by the Meter-Miser—same type of refrigerating unit used in Frigidaire Refrigerators, and specially warranted for 5 years. Available in two sizes.

For full information about Frigidaire Air Conditioners, see your Frigidaire Dealer. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside (Toronto 17), Ontario.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.

Frigidaire
Air Conditioning

Proud Pigboatman

Sir: The tenor of your interesting July 9 article on submarines was much too disparaging of our designers and engineers. The strength-hulls of American WW II subs were the equal of any combatant. Maximum submerged speed of all submarines prior to the XXI was about 9 knots. Our radar was superior to that of any combatant, as was our fire control (electro-mechanical aid in solving the torpedo aiming problem).

The German operators received the XXI more than a year too late. We did not need that type submarine against the tired Jap. In my considered opinion, if Jap air and escort-borne radar had punished our subs at the rate ours did the Germans, our designers would have produced a snorkel and other necessary equipment in less time than did the Germans...

C. O. TRIEBEL
Captain, U.S.N.

U.S. Naval Submarine Base
New London, Conn.

Class Dismissed

Sir: In your July 9 issue, you use the word "submariner."

It is not in Webster's *New International*. Please tell your readers (and me): is it accented on second or third syllable?

UPTON SINCLAIR

Monrovia, Calif.

¶ On the second syllable.—Ed.

How to Baffle Baby

Sir: I predict overwhelming success for Dr. Mack's prescription for thumb-suckers [TIME, July 9]. The picture of the hay rake in the child's mouth was so terrifying to my 3½-year-old daughter that she hasn't had her thumb in her mouth since...

MRS. W. E. SCHLEMMER

Steubenville, Ohio

Sir:

... Why doesn't Dentist Mack try to spend a few nights with a hay rake attached to his own teeth to find out how the children feel when they accidentally brush their tongues against that torture contraption while sleeping?

DALILA DE FARO GORSIN

Los Angeles

Sir:

... It is unbelievable that anyone could think up such a barbarous contrivance with which to "treat" a child.

JENNIE STARK

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

... Let Dr. Edward S. Mack keep his hay rake in San Francisco! I prefer using reason, patience and a simple Band-Aid on my six-year-old daughter's thumb... Believe it or not, my present system is working.

(MRS.) ROSLYN SCHORR RITZ

Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

... suggest that Dr. Mack try the hay rake in his own mouth, and bite his thumb a few times.

... I have discouraged my child's thumb-sucking by providing a simple cylindrical splint, consisting of cardboard about 3/16 inch thick, wrapped it around her arms, extending from the wrist to the upper third of the humerus, preventing the infant from flexing her elbows. The cuff was anchored

"Air Conditioning adds \$100 a month to restaurant profits"

"Summer sales and profits jumped when we installed Frigidaire Air Conditioning," says Ray Wharton, owner of Basil's Restaurant, Lynn, Mass. "Besides the extra \$100 profit we make each month, we've also reduced operating costs and increased employee efficiency."



... Besides the extra \$100 profit we make each month, we've also reduced operating costs and increased employee efficiency."



Make yourself and your customers comfortable this summer... install a Frigidaire Self-Contained Air Conditioner. Just look at all the special Frigidaire advantages it gives you:

- **Styled by Raymond Loewy**—attractively finished in harmonizing gray
- **Exclusive Multipath Cooling Unit** for smooth, fast cooling
- **Dependable Frigidaire Compressor** for low-cost operation, long life
- **4-Way Hood** for better control of air flow, where you want it
- **Special Thick Insulation** for quiet, efficient operation

Ask your Frigidaire Dealer for a free Refrigeration Security Analysis of your needs—with facts and figures on what Frigidaire Air Conditioning can do for you. Find name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book, under "Air Conditioning" or "Refrigeration Equipment."

Frigidaire
Air Conditioning

in place with tapes, tied at the ulna side to prevent her from opening it with her teeth. If the infant cannot flex the elbow, she cannot get her thumb into her mouth . . .

FERENCZ RITTER

Detroit

Galvanized Ironsides?

Sir:

Why not transfer the title "G.I." to men of the Navy, where the initials have always stood for "galvanized iron"—sturdy stuff that retains its glitter and good shape, seldom gets rusty?

JOSEPH A. MILLER

Allentown, Pa.

Something for the Boys

Sir:

Your July 9 article on Dagmar indicated a tone of wonderment about her spectacular rise in popularity.

We males hope she'll breathe for a long, long time to come . . . She is truly the strip-less strip-tease queen of television.

RALPH LOMBARDI

Clifton, N.J.

The Martyred Gaze

Sir:

TIME (July 9) describes habitual criminal Warren Lee Irwin as "a harmless-looking sort—had the severe mouth, high forehead and martyred gaze of a divinity student . . ."

As one who was quite recently a divinity student, I object. Most of the members of my class were ordinary-looking fellows; none of us possessed a martyred gaze. Some of us could have passed as TIME writers.

FRANK H. HEINZE

New Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir:

TIME . . . paints a picture of a man whose depravity is almost unmatched in recent times. To give the reader a vivid look at this monster, you liken this diabolical creature . . . to a divinity student . . .

Never before have I seen such a blow struck against the messengers of hope . . .

DAVID L. CODDINGTON

Newark

Sir:

. . . May I suggest that you . . . send your Crime man up to Union Theological Seminary and let him see how a divinity student really does look . . .

ALICE RIGBY MOORE

Long Eddy, N.Y.

Thanks

Sir:

. . . Having read the July 2 report about Donald Morton and his father's gallant pilgrimage, I must carry out my desire to express my gratitude . . .

May I ask you to send my sincerest wishes together with enclosed check as my modest contribution to little Donald's recovery? . . .

(Mrs.) ELLEN DAMKIER

Aruba, D.W.I.

Reader Damkier's check for \$50 has been forwarded to the California hospital where Donald is waiting for a third operation.—Ed.

Thurber

Sir:

Congratulations on your excellent Thurber piece [TIME, July 9].

Why don't you send a psychiatrist to examine the psychiatrist who wants to cure Thurber of his drawing? . . .

CREDE CALHOUN

Panama, R.P.

TIME, JULY 30, 1951



Our Business

IS DEEP UNDERGROUND AND IN THE HIGH TREES

From our coal mines . . . from the great trees of our forests, come the basic materials of our business. That's why we pay attention to conservation of timberland and safety of the men who work in the caverns underground.

By owning extensive mines and forests we are able to apply the most effective tool of modern-day production—the continuous, step-by-step follow through of scientific production control!

This research begins with raw materials and doesn't end until it serves a satisfied customer. Research-tested products fill the orders you place with Tennessee . . . we're the industry that is dedicated to the service of industry.



TENNESSEE
PRODUCTS & CHEMICAL
Corporation
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Producers of Fuels, Metallurgical Products, Building Products, Coal Chemicals, Wood Chemicals, Fine Chemicals and Specialized Compounds

NO OTHER SPARK PLUG CAN MATCH THIS RECORD!



JOHNNY PARSONS
Winner 1950
124.002 m.p.h.
(345 miles race)



GEORGE ROBSON
Winner 1946
114.82 m.p.h.



MAURI ROSE
Co-winner 1941
115.117 m.p.h.



FLOYD DAVIS
Co-winner 1941
115.117 m.p.h.



WILBUR SHAW
Winner 1940
114.277 m.p.h.
Winner 1937
113.580 m.p.h.



FLOYD ROBERTS
Winner 1938
117.2 m.p.h.



LOUIS MEYER
Winner 1928
99.482 m.p.h.
Winner 1923
102.162 m.p.h.
Winner 1926
109.069 m.p.h.

SCORE 21ST VICTORY IN INDIANAPOLIS "500"

Proof of their unequalled performance
and dependability in the most grueling test
of automotive equipment



1951 winner, Lee Wallard,
and 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th drivers
use Champion Spark Plugs!
Wallard sets new record
of 126.244 m.p.h.!
All Champion users report
perfect performance!

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . Use the spark plugs champions use!



KELLY PETILLO
Winner 1933
106.24 m.p.h.



BILL CUMMINGS
Winner 1934
104.863 m.p.h.



FRED FRAME
Winner 1932
104.144 m.p.h.



LOU SCHNEIDER
Winner 1931
96.629 m.p.h.



BILLY ARNOLD
Winner 1930
100.448 m.p.h.



RAY KETCH
Winner 1929
97.585 m.p.h.



GEORGE SOUDERS
Winner 1927
97.543 m.p.h.



FRANK LOCKHART
Winner 1926
95.904 m.p.h.



PETER DE PAOLO
Winner 1925
101.13 m.p.h.



JOE BOYER
Co-winner 1924
96.33 m.p.h.



L. L. CORUM
Co-winner 1924
98.23 m.p.h.



TOMMY MILTON
Winner 1921
89.62 m.p.h.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

TIME, JULY 30, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

In a letter to the editors, a proud parent or doting grandparent will often enclose a picture of the small fry around the house mimicking the TIME-reading habit of the grownups. I thought that most of these pictures were mailed back, but recently we discovered that a researcher had saved a batch of the ones she liked best.

The kids, report the adults, really get into the news—to sniff, chew, scratch and crumple. Some are careful cover-to-cover “readers,” while others digest only a few pages. One lot, we were informed, is not happy with anything but the current issue.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



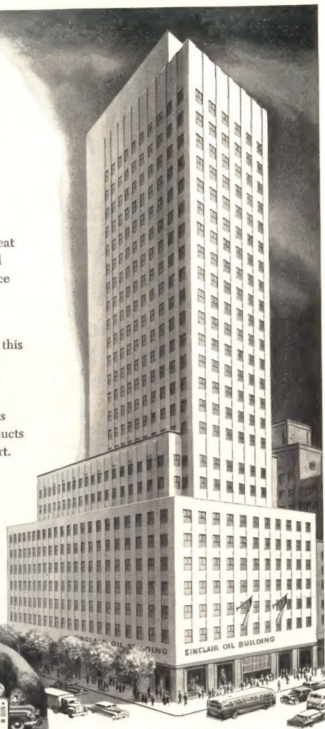
Planning for the Future

*on Fifth Avenue
and on "Main Street"*

Now a new skyscraper joins New York's great ones at 600 Fifth Avenue. Built and owned by the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, it is to be known as the Sinclair Oil Building.

Sinclair's long-term lease on about half of this modern, air-conditioned structure provides urgently needed space for more than 1,000 Sinclair employees and executives. Here Sinclair will plan many of the developments that mean more and better petroleum products for the public and the national defense effort.

Yes, on Fifth Avenue and on "Main Street", Sinclair is constantly planning . . . planning ahead for efficient and economical growth. Here is another reason why Sinclair is a leader in the petroleum industry.



SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

SINCLAIR OIL CORPORATION • 600 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

TIME, JULY 30, 1951

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

One Week

In a midsummer week of full moon, history overworked. Who did not know before that he lived in an age of gigantic events (although not of giants), knew it last week.

World War I, the 20th Century's parent catastrophe, echoed faintly when Friedrich Wilhelm, the Hohenzollern crown prince of old Germany, and Henri Philippe Pétain, Marshal of France, died within four days. They had faced each other across the mass slaughter at Verdun; each, after his own fashion, had tried to make his deal with the mass brutality of Nazism that came after, and each died disgraced.

In the Middle East, where order threatened to burn away in a fire of nationalism, an old king and an old politician went down before assassins' bullets. In Belgium, the crowning of a young king promised to heal the disunion of his nation.

In Spain, the U.S. made a brave and momentous act of leadership, and the man who took it to action, Admiral Sherman, went on to Naples to die of the weight he and other men had borne in the years beneath the sword.

In Korea, war waited through the week while Communists tried to find a "maybe" between a rock-hard U.S. demand of "yes" or "no."

In Warsaw, the greatest among the Kremlin's servants came out of the shadows—Zhukov, victor at Stalingrad, and Rokossovsky, conqueror, still master of Poland. Beside them stood Molotov, with a sharper than the Kremlin has yet voiced. He told the puppets from Russia's satellites that Tito could not be permitted to last long. When and by what means the U.S.S.R. would act was not disclosed in a memorable week of midsummer.

New Realism

Through the grinding experience of the postwar years, the U.S. has sloughed off layer after layer of cherished illusions about its foreign policy, tasted again and again the bitter fruits of indecision and inaction. Last week there were solid signs that the nation's leaders had achieved a course of realism to match the nation's peril.

At Kaesong, even under the threat of a breakdown in the cease-fire talks, U.S. negotiators did not even nibble at the bait: withdrawal of all foreign troops from Korea. Said Secretary of State Dean



MOLOTOV

Wide World

A full moon, a sharper threat.

Acheson with a new bluntness: "A United Nations force must remain in Korea until a genuine peace has been firmly established." Once before the U.S. had withdrawn its troops in an effort to get a Korean settlement, and the Communists had attacked. "The Korean people can be assured that a repetition of this act will not be tolerated," promised Acheson.

Confronted with the protests of its chief allies that nobody should do business with Franco, the State Department was equally firm in the conviction that Spain's bases are essential to the defense of Western Europe.

In Washington, President Truman, too, had taken a harder look at the U.S.'s

peril. In his message on the midyear report of economic advisers, he pointed to smoldering danger in Iran, in Yugoslavia, in Indo-China, and weighed them against the U.S.'s "immediate goals for military strength." Warned Truman: "It now appears, as we review our strategic situation in the light of world events, that these goals may need to be raised, whether or not we have an armistice in Korea."

THE PRESIDENCY

No

President Truman was asked at his weekly press conference: Does the U.S. have any evidence that Russia has set off any atomic explosions since the first one in September 1949? His answer: no.

ARMED FORCES

Up From a Shoestring

If there is to be an even bigger military budget, as the President has indicated, the Air Force is sure to get the biggest share. It is already getting set to present the Joint Chiefs with a formal demand for 161 groups. And it already has strong congressional support, led by Massachusetts' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (TIME, July 23).

To achieve the force that it regards as minimum for the nation, the Air Force must first break the "balanced forces" concept which rigidly rules the J.C.S. Balanced forces is a cozy compromise of unification, whereby the three services agree to split what money there is into equal portions. If equal shares happen to make sense in any one year, that is only a happy accident; its merit is peace among the services, not efficiency in arming against a war. Now, says the Air Force, the time has come to do away with it.

To the Joint Chiefs, the airmen are prepared to present a simple argument: the current "shoestring" Air Force of 87 groups (present goal: 95 groups), half of them obsolete planes, is not nearly strong enough to cope with Soviet air power. The Navy is already the world's biggest and best. The Army, with 27 divisions under arms and three more on the way, has all it can handle at the moment. Of the three services, the Air Force is the weakest. To increase it to 161 modern groups (138 combat groups plus 23 troop carrier and transport wings) within three years will cost a staggering sum, between \$90 and \$100 billion.

The Air Force demand for such a huge

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 413 more U.S. casualties in Korea. The smallest weekly casualty list of the entire war, it brought total U.S. losses to 77,804. The breakdown:

DEAD	13,230
WOUNDED	53,763
MISSING	10,632
CAPTURED	159

Total casualties by services: Army, 63,427; Marine Corps, 12,808; Navy, 914; Air Force, 655.

buildup is apt to touch off the loudest howl the Pentagon has heard since the row over the B-36—and principally from the same source: the Navy. But if Air Force Chief Hoyt Vandenberg fails to convince his colleagues in the J.C.S., the Air Force is ready to take it up to Defense Secretary Marshall. There the Air Force expects to win.

Death in Naples

The admiral was proud of his week, but tired. In three days in Spain, Forrest Sherman had set in motion what he had long urged: a deal for the use of Spain's bases in the defense of Europe (see *INTERNATIONAL*). Then he was off on a rapid swing around Europe. On Thursday he was in France, conferring with Eisenhower; on Friday he was in London. Leaving at midnight, he flew down to Naples, sleeping fitfully in his personal plane. Saturday was busy with official talks, and he took Mrs. Sherman to dinner and an opera in the open-air theater in Pompeii. Sunday he was up early in his room in Naples' Excelsior Hotel, bordering on the magnificent bay where the flagship of the U.S. Mediterranean fleet lay at anchor. After breakfast, as he prepared for the long flight back to Washington, he complained of pain around his heart. Sherman, who had never been known to have anything more serious than a cold in his life, dismissed it as indigestion, but his wife insisted on calling a doctor. Five hours later, a second attack struck, and death came to Forrest Percival Sherman.

A shocked sense of sudden loss struck the nation. Upon his death, at 54, the U.S. was only beginning to realize the full stature which Sherman had assumed. When Sherman took over the Navy, late in 1949, as the youngest Chief of Naval Operations in history, he found an embittered, bickering service, smoldering with animosity against its fellow services, the Administration, against Admiral Sherman himself. By his able advocacy of Navy views, by his quietly effective defense of Navy abilities, the new CNO quickly restored order and confidence. The newest member of the J.C.S. (replacing Admiral Denfeld, who was sacked in the unification row), he quickly proved himself its ablest member, a well-trained professional fighting man who also had a grip of world politics unmatched by any of his associates.

Fighter. It was Sherman, commander of the Mediterranean fleet for two years before he became CNO, who first convinced the other members of the J.C.S. (who had never thought much about it), then convinced Dean Acheson's State Department, that Spain is an essential element of Europe's defense system. For Forrest Sherman, last week's negotiation was a personal triumph.

Sherman, son of a New Hampshire schoolmaster, came from a family of fighters; the Shermans, tracing their descent back to John and Priscilla Alden, fought with the colonists against the Dutch, went with Benedict Arnold to

Quebec. A pleasant, neat man with an air of cool detachment, Forrest Sherman lacked the flamboyant quality that makes for a great leader of men. But he was a great planner, a great negotiator. "You can't get good marks if you're popular," he once told his sister. He had few close friends, but his admirers were legion.

Requiem. Sherman (Annapolis '17) became a naval aviator after World War I, was soon one of the Navy's best (he won a personal "E" for dive bombing and fighter gunnery). During World War II, as skipper of the aircraft carrier *Wasp*, he won a Navy Cross for his handling of the ship when she was torpedoed off Guadalcanal. Later, as Admiral Chester Nimitz' chief planner, he devised the Navy's brilliant leapfrog tactics in the fight across the Pacific.

In the Pentagon, Sherman had the rep-



SHERMAN

Hank Walker—UPI

"He was a fine gentleman."

utation of never having lost an argument. Impressively learned in military history and geopolitics, he was freely acclaimed the J.C.S.'s best geopolitical brain. In less than two years, he had become the obvious successor to Omar Bradley's job as J.C.S. chairman.

Harry Truman spoke his requiem with a personal eloquence rare in official tributes: "He was able. He was a patriotic American. He was a fine gentleman. The country's loss is great, and so is mine."

Time to Retire

One day in 1939, a tri-motored Fokker monoplane bearing the name *Question Mark* took off and began swinging in lazy circles over Southern California. Every few hours, night & day, a second plane rose up, jockeyed a hose into position on the droning Fokker, poured gas into its thirsty tanks. After six days, the Fokker glided back to earth. Its bone-tired pilots, among them a stocky, ruddy-skinned Army

lieutenant named Elwood Richard Quesada,* had just hung up a world's endurance record.

A hot, throttle-busting flyer, Quesada won his wings in 1925, studied engineering, learned to pilot every plane from wasplike pursuits to lumbering amphibians. At the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., he concluded from a year's study that close air support of ground troops is the key to modern war.

The Army made him a Brigadier General at 38, gave him the 12th Fighter Command in Africa in 1943. On D-plus-one, he landed on a shell-swept Normandy beach as a major general heading the 9th Fighter Command in Hoyt Vandenberg's Ninth Air Force. Harsh and driving, he was all over the front, browbeating airfield engineers, chewing out squadron commanders for not doing more, flying battle missions between times.

Quesada came out of the war surer than ever of the power of tactical air. But in the postwar era of demobilization and economy, the Air Force was cut to the nub and concentrated on heavy bombers. Quesada, then head of the Tactical Air Command, fought a bitter and losing battle. When Tactical Air was abolished as a separate command in 1948, impulsive "Pete" Quesada put in for retirement. He was independently well-to-do and married to the daughter of wealthy Publisher Joseph Pulitzer of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. But the Air Force persuaded him to stay on to take charge of the Eniwetok atomic tests.

Last week, the job finally done and his report ready, Lieut. General Quesada put in for his retirement and got it. A veteran of 25 years in the service, he is only 47.

THE CONGRESS

From the Stomach

Outside on the Capitol grounds one warm night last week, tourists and hand-holding lovers listened under a creamy moon to an Army band. Inside the Capitol, some 400 Congressmen milled, yelled and reeled through the next-to-last voting stage of the Defense Production Act.

Most of the week, the House had sat as the Committee of the Whole—the parliamentary device by which the House gives a bill a preliminary run around the track without anyone having to go on the record. Southern Democrats and Republicans, in the saddle most of the time, had ridden down some of the Administration's most cherished amendments, substituted some of their own. One—the dream of Bob Poage, a drawing cow-countryman from Waco, Texas—would put all prices on a cost-plus basis, thus guaranteeing industry a profit on every item it makes, no matter how basically unprofitable any item might be. The Poage amendment.

* Others: Major "Tooney" Spaatz, later to become head of the Strategic Air Forces, and first Chief of Staff of the new Air Force (1947); Captain Ira Eaker, later commander of the Eighth Air Force and finally Spaatz's deputy.

besides requiring more accountants than there are in the world (said Price Controller Mike Di Salle), would blow price ceilings into the stratosphere.

Better than Expected. Parliamentary tactics grew so confused that half of the members, half of the time, did not know which side they were voting on; Percy Priest, Democratic whip, pranced up & down the aisle, beating his forehead in frustration, trying to keep his boys in line.

Amendments were put up, passed or rejected, sometimes at a rate of one every two minutes. In about eight hours, 75 amendments were disposed of. At 1:10 a.m., while Mike Di Salle and Stabilizer Eric Johnston watched, stony-faced, from the gallery, the House rattled out its version of the controls bill, by a final 323-102 vote.

In the last whirlaround, some Republicans jumped off the coalition horse. They were mostly big-city representatives, suddenly worried about what they would tell their constituents if food prices should shoot up. As a result, the Administration won more than it had expected, even if the bill still fell far short of its hopes.

Spite & Suspicion. The Poage amendment was beaten. So was an amendment guaranteeing a four-month freeze as of July 7 on all wages and prices (except rents and farm prices), whipped up by James C. Davis of Stone Mountain, Ga. to embarrass the Administration and give

says are vital to prevent black-marketing and which Midwest Congressmen say will only create black markets—were eliminated. Important credit curbs, Regulations W (autos) and X (housing) were relaxed.

In the main, the House voted with its stomach, not its head. Congressional spite and suspicion, centering on Harry Truman, and parochial self-interest accounted for many a vote.

The Most Obvious. The Administration raised horrified eyes to heaven, but the vote was only another chapter in the long story of its own fumbling with the economy. A year ago inflation was only a distant threat; its pressures had not actually set in. Then Congress whooped through a tough control bill and thrust it on the Administration. While a panicky public went on a buying spree and bid prices up, Mr. Truman refused to use his powers. By the time he got around to it, high prices, largely induced by fear-buying, were almost out of his reach.

By last week panic had passed. Prices appeared to have leveled off. If the plateau was high, nevertheless it was level, and if any trends were discernible, they were down, not up. Manufacturers had more goods than they could sell. Almost everything looked safe—at the very moment when real inflationary pressures are just beginning to heat up.

The pressures are many and complex, but the most combustible are the most obvious: a record number of people employed—62 million; a record high of \$250 billion in personal incomes. Bank loans have almost doubled since 1946, are more than \$63 billion. In the history of the U.S., there has never been so much money around. Simultaneously, with all this buying power at hand, goods available should begin to decrease; while arms production expands, civilian production is being cut back 30-35%. Unless arms spending is cut, Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson estimates that by next year there will be from \$10 billion to \$20 billion more money in U.S. pockets than there will be goods to spend it on. Unless this money can be taxed into the Treasury or coaxed into bonds, unless credit is curtailed, unless prices meanwhile are kept in line (so say Wilson, Johnston and Di Salle), the pressures might blow up the economy.

The House declined to take the doomcriers' word for it. Congress voted to take the chance that everything will continue to be level and safe for a while. The final bill is not written yet. Senate and House conferees will meet this week to iron out the differences in their bills. The Senate's bill gives the President even less power than the House's. The best they will hand Harry Truman in the end will be something of a leaky hose.

Last week on Capitol Hill:

¶ The Senate Crime Committee gave up trying to quiz Florida's Governor Fuller Warren on what he knows about crime and gambling in his state (TIME, July 16). The committee's rules are that all testi-

mony be taken under oath; Warren has refused to testify under oath. The committee reluctantly concluded that it could not order a governor around.

¶ The Senate voted to increase by \$3 a month Federal assistance to the aged, blind and disabled, boost aid for dependent children by \$2 a month. Cost: \$140 million more a year.

¶ Both houses upped the President's re-



John Zimmerman

STONE MOUNTAIN'S DAVIS
Frozen wages.

quest for \$15 million for Midwest flood victims, made it \$25 million.

Work still undone:

¶ All the regular appropriation bills. Stop-gap spending authority, under which the Government has been operating since June 30, will expire next week.

POLITICAL NOTES

Operation Ike

In the opinion polls in midsummer 1951, Ike Eisenhower is the popular choice for President of the U.S. But it takes politicians to get him the nomination, and political conventions (with good reason) pay little attention to the polls. This week a small, adroit group of Republicans is quietly planning the intricate maneuvers designed to win the nomination for Ike at the G.O.P. convention next July.

It is no simple campaign. The No. 1 Republican power is Ohio's Senator Robert Taft, and politicians like to be seen only in the company of the winner. Every politician knows that the only good rebellion is a successful one. However much he yearns for an early seat on a bandwagon, his horror is to be caught on a bandwagon that never rolls.

First Move. The prime mover in the Eisenhower forces, hearty Harry Darby, wealthy onetime (1950) U.S. Senator and Republican national committeeman since 1940 from Ike's home state of Kansas,



John Zimmerman

WACO'S POAGE
Guaranteed profits.

the coalition the alibi that they had tried to get "real" controls. The amendment would enrage labor, which is still trying to get wage "readjustments," would freeze all present price inequities which Di Salle would like to correct.

On the other side, the present 10% rollback on meat prices was left intact, but further meat rollbacks were banned. Quotas on meat slaughtering—which Di Salle

made his first move almost three months ago. Then top Republican politicians—governors, state chairmen, national committeemen—met in Tulsa to select a convention time & place. With Pennsylvania Congressman Hugh Scott Jr., who was Dewey's national chairman in 1948, Darby picked about 80 key Republicans and set to work on them, sounding them out on a stop-Taft movement and incidentally talking up Ike. In their conversations, they heard fears that if Taft is elected President, the party will be wholly captured by a new "Ohio gang" of hard-shelled regulars with a bent toward isolationism.

After three days of soundings, Darby decided that there was plenty of potential Ike support among the professionals. For the next month, Darby in Kansas City and Scott in Washington spent hours each day on the long-distance telephone. Scott conferred several times a week with Pennsylvania's Senator Jim Duff. Every time they talked up Ike, the politicians asked suspiciously about Tom Dewey. Was he trying to use Ike as a stalking horse? Where did Dewey really stand?

No Second Choice. Duff and Darby decided to go to Dewey and get the word. They arranged to meet him, and Darby started East by plane, but was grounded in Chicago. Duff went up to meet Dewey alone. Jim Duff came away convinced that Dewey meant what he had said—literally. He was not a presidential candidate himself and he was for only one candidate: Ike. He had no second choice.

Ike men had also been talking to Harold Stassen. Stassen, too, was alarmed by

the possibility of Taft as a candidate. About the middle of June, Stassen had a private talk with Tom Dewey. He told Dewey that he was going to back Ike to the hilt. Milton Eisenhower, president of Penn State and, in the professionals' view, an authoritative spokesman for brother Ike, had said that the general would not allow the use of his name in primaries as long as he was in uniform. To get around this ban, Stassen proposed that he enter his own name in crucial primaries with the public promise to switch his delegates to Ike. Dewey approved.

Next Stassen called 20 faithful supporters to a meeting at the Clarksboro (N.J.) home of Amos J. Peaslee, the affluent lawyer who was Stassen's Eastern money-raiser in 1948. Stassen told them his plan. He admitted that he still dreamed of being President, but he knew that his chances in 1952 would be poor. The Stassen men went away Ike men.

Message from Ike. In late June, a vital message came to the Eisenhower planners from France. A liberal Republican junkie had had a long talk with Ike. Ike told him, he said, that if there was to be an Eisenhower movement, he knew Harry Darby and trusted him. That was taken as an official blessing for the Darby strategy. Ike also indicated that he was thinking of returning from SHAPE around the "turn of the year." He realized, said the messenger, that if he was to be a candidate, he would have to make some overt act to identify himself as a Republican soon after he returned—either by a statement or by joining some G.O.P. organization.

Darby was elated. Early this month, he set up an informal Washington headquarters in the office of Kansas Senator Frank Carlson. Of the 46 Republican Senators, 23 wanted to see him. To each he explained what Dewey and Stassen had committed themselves to. To each he put one question: "If you were a candidate for office next year, whom would you want to head the ticket?" The answer was overwhelmingly Ike.

Darby left the Senators with one last warning: don't rush things. He did not want the Eisenhower boom to crest too early. Wait until fall, he told them.

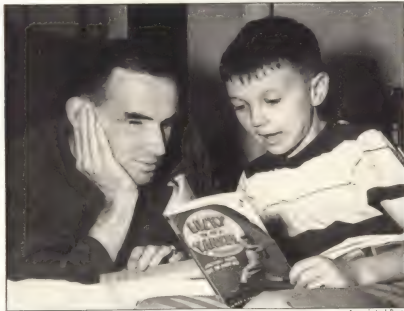
The Organization. The Ike strategists settled down to sweat out the summer, let the organization shake itself down. Darby is general manager, with the Middle and Far West his special concern. Jim Duff is chief of staff, concentrating on the East and South. Kansas' Congressman Cliff Hope is House liaison man for the Middle and Far West, Hugh Scott for the East and South.

Dewey, by his own agreement and choice, will stay in the background. He will be responsible for New York, and New York only. Ike supporters suspected that he timed his trip to the Far East deliberately to keep out of the way. He could afford to let Eisenhower be elected to two terms, serving in a key job himself (say Secretary of State—see below) and be only 58 when the second Eisenhower term is up.

Other potential Ike men can already be spotted. In Massachusetts, both Senators Lodge and Saltonstall are ready; so is Congressman Christian Herter. There is Nebraska's Governor Val Peterson, Arkansas' State Chairman Orso Cobb. In Texas, there is Jack Porter, oilman-turned-politician, who was the G.O.P.'s candidate for the Senate in 1948. In Los Angeles, a group of Stassen supporters headed by Lawyer David Saunders are talking Ike, but a California politician explained: "We're lying in the weeds, waiting for the right opportunity to spring. The politicians' hands are tied by the fact that Earl Warren is still in the running. It's too soon to stick our necks out."

The Money. No one in the Eisenhower camp is worrying about money. None is needed at the moment. But the big money is said to be there for the asking from such men as International Business Machines' T. J. ("Think") Watson and Manhattan's Banker Winthrop Aldrich. Eisenhower's past visits to Texas have brought out some of the biggest of Texas' Big Rich. Houston's Hugh Roy Cullen, oilman and a partner of Jack Porter, is an avowed Ike man. Said a San Francisco money-raiser: "By fall, the Eisenhower movement will be sweeping the country. It'll have the same tinges of enthusiasm as the Willie boom and there won't be any trouble getting money for it."

In the meantime, the messages pound into Darby's Kansas City headquarters: "We're ready. What do we do?" The invariable answer: "Hold on until you get the word."



Associated Press

READING TO BLIND soldiers is eleven-year-old Eddie Dworchak's good work for the summer. Last week, with a biography of Joe DiMaggio under his arm, he hitchhiked ten miles to the Army's Valley Forge (Pa.) General hospital to volunteer. Back at home in Paoli, he had been reading for sightless children, he explained, but they were away for the summer. The colonel in charge fixed it up so he could visit the hospital to read and talk baseball twice a week. Eddie's attentive companion here is Lieut. William R. Bierwirth, who lost his sight to enemy fire while commanding a tank in Korea.

"I Am Not . . ."

In introducing his visitor, Lieut. General Ned Almond only said what he thought a lot of people believed. "Governor Dewey has been a candidate for the Presidency and, for all we know out here, he may be a candidate again next year," the general said as he presented Governor Dewey to his X Corps staff officers in Korea. Thereupon, Tom Dewey rose and said it more flatly than he had ever said it at home: "I am not a candidate and will definitely oppose any attempt to make me a candi-



Leonard McCombe—LIFE

DUFF

Trapped by consistency . . .

date next year . . . I have no plans to ever run for public office again."

Then what was the governor of New York doing way out there in the Far East, on a 45-day, 29,000-mile private tour? "My chief aim in life now," the governor told the assembled officers, "is to keep my party on the straight road to internationalism . . . I feel that some of the leaders of my party are thinking along the lines of the isolationists. That thinking must be discarded if the Republican Party is ever to rise to power."

That brought up a different question. Could it be that Dewey, first of the big Republicans to come out for Ike (TIME, Oct. 23), hopes to become Secretary of State in the Eisenhower cabinet? He wasn't saying. But Dewey's Asiatic tour is taking him to Japan, Korea, Formosa, Indo-China, Singapore, Indonesia, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Australia, and New Zealand. It was a journey designed to inform him further on a part of the world that is not too familiar to NATO's Eisenhower. And New York State's 97 convention delegates, in Tom Dewey's pocket, make a nice talking point.

* Financed by *Collier's*, for which Dewey will write some articles.

Split in Pennsylvania

The big new fact in Pennsylvania politics is that the Grundy machine, pronounced dead only a year ago, is back in power again. That fact may vitally affect the political fortunes of Ike Eisenhower and Robert Taft.

When ex-Governor Jim Duff went to Washington as U.S. Senator last year, he thought he had licked old Republican Boss Joe Grundy once & for all, and had left the state in safe hands. In the bitter Republican primary, Duff denounced Grundy and his Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association as a bunch of "high-button-shoe reactionaries." Duff won, against all the power that 87-year-old Grundy could bring against him. With him ran his hand-picked successor as governor, a superior court judge named John Fine.

Welcome Back. Jim Duff was barely settled in the Senate when he realized he had made a bad mistake. Even during the campaign, while Duff thundered against Grundy's "privileged-few" brand of Republicanism, Judge Fine was meeting secretly with Grundy's faithful lieutenant, G. Mason Owlett, in a room in Philadelphia's Ritz-Carlton. A few days after the governor's inauguration, Mason Owlett reappeared in Harrisburg. In other days, Owlett was the man who brought to the governor's office a budget prepared by the Grundy machine. Duff had ordered him out. Governor Fine welcomed him in. Owlett has been making himself at home ever since.

Fine ignored his old patron, Senator Duff. He did not call on him, telephone him, or write. Grundy's policies became Fine's policies. Soon Fine was in a pitched legislative battle with loyal Duff Republicans over his proposal to saddle Pennsylvania with its first state income tax—a measure loudly endorsed by Grundy's man Owlett.

In the Outfield. Duff men, fighting the Grundy forces in what has now become the longest session of the legislature in 99 years, appealed for help. But Duff, with dogged consistency, insisted that he had never tolerated meddling when he was governor and he would not try it now. Duff men at Harrisburg wondered whether there really was so much that Jim Duff could do. Said a G.O.P. politico sadly: "Jim Duff, hell, he's just a junior Senator from Pennsylvania down in Washington. He's off in deep left-field and he's got the sun in his eyes. One of these days the ball's going to get out of the infield and he won't even see it."

Jim Duff cannot afford to stay in the outfield for long. As eastern manager of the Eisenhower-for-President forces, he counts on controlling Pennsylvania's big, 67-man delegation to the Republican convention. By instinct and inclination, Grundyites prefer Taft. With Governor Fine running the state government and playing ball with Grundy, Jim Duff is in danger of finding himself a manager with only half a team.

Douglas v. Truman

Illinois' rumped Senator Paul Douglas wet his lips, solemnly cinched up his belt and took his fight with Harry Truman into the open. Slapped down by the President in the choice of two men for vacancies on an Illinois federal district court (TIME, July 23), Senator Douglas persuaded the Chicago Bar Association to take a poll on whether it favored his or the President's choices.

Then, with the firm but nervous air of a bespectacled student standing up to the



Leonard McCombe—LIFE

FINE

. . . and high button shoes.

school bully, ex-Professor Douglas began tapping at the President's chin. In a speech before A.F.L. retail clerks, Douglas, an 80% Fair Dealer, deplored the "tendency for the leaders of groups, as they grow powerful, to want only yes men in their organization."

The President did not duck. He told a press conference stubbornly that it was his job, and not a bar association's, to make judicial appointments. He forgot to add that it is also the Senate's job to confirm those appointments. If the Illinois poll goes against him, that in itself will be a sharp blow. Douglas will oppose the Truman men when they come to the Senate and—if Douglas makes a determined fight of it—the Senate will likely reject them. That will be a real nose-bashing for Mr. Truman.

Too Insecure a Sense . . .

Obviously, with the boss himself shooting blows at Paul Douglas, the Senator from Illinois was fair game for the rest of the Administration. Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer took aim at him with a peashooter.

Secretary Sawyer had been asked for his opinion on a bill Douglas is earnestly trying to write, to set up some kind of ethical

standards of conduct in Government. Douglas, though a Democrat, makes no bones of his distaste for recent chapters in Truman Administration history, especially the ones headed Deepfreezes, mink coats and questionable RFC loans. But Secretary Sawyer is unimpressed; a listing of reprehensible practices would have little effect, he said last week. "There are public officials who will not accept a cigar on the theory that they might be compromised. This, it seems to me, indicates too insecure a sense of rectitude . . ."

"The adoption of a code of ethics, while harmless, will do but little good. Any man who must look up his code of ethics to find out what is proper or improper for him to do is too innocent to be around Washington." As a matter of fact, Sawyer concluded heavily, if Senators really want to study reprehensible practices in Government, they might start in with congressional committees and their questions, which keep Government officials up late of nights, getting the answers together.

Mississippi Mud

Harry Truman's 1948 attempt to punish Mississippi Dixiecrats, and reward the boys who didn't walk out on him, came to a sorry little anticlimax last week in Jackson, Miss. A federal grand jury indicted twelve politicians, including the leaders of Mississippi's pro-Truman State Democratic Committee, for peddling Federal patronage jobs to the highest bidder (TIME, April 23). Among those indicted: Clarence E. Hood Jr., former acting Democratic National Committeeman; Frank Mize, chairman of the pro-Truman committee and brother of a federal judge. The crimes alleged are both petty and sleazy. The committee leaders are accused of charging up to \$2,000 for a rural mail carrier's job, and selling Office of Price Stabilization jobs that weren't there. As for the Dixiecrats (including Senators Stennis and Eastland), they have long since patched up with the President, once more have the state's patronage in their own hands.

Slogan of the Week

In the corridors, Republican Congressmen were talking up a new kind of 4-H Club. Motto: "Help Hurry Harry Home."

ILLINOIS

Barred for Reasons of Color

Naturally, Dr. Percy L. Julian's name was on the list when a group of outstanding industrialists and scientists were invited to a private luncheon at Chicago's exclusive Union League Club last week. After all, Dr. Julian, "Chicagoan of the Year" in 1950, is a research director for the Glidden Co. (paint, etc.), and a top chemist who has invented, among other things, a process for synthetic manufacture of experimental drugs for treating arthritis. But when the Union League Club saw his name on the list it said he could not come to the club. Reason: the club's directors had "issued a rule barring Negroes."

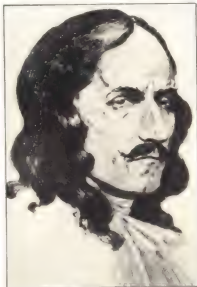
Said Scientist Julian, whose home in

suburban Oak Park has twice been vandalized since he bought it a year ago: "It appears to me that organizations like the Union League Club are as directly responsible as any other agency for such un-American incidents as the bombing of my home and the Cicero riot. When individuals in high places behave as the Union League Club behaves, ordinary citizens follow suit."

CITIES

Midwestern Birthday

Harry Truman will speak, bands will blast along Woodward Avenue, 20,000 marchers will clump past Detroit's smoke-smudged City Hall. From the steps, governors, Senators, dignitaries from Britain, France, China, Ethiopia will watch and



Burton Historical Collection
CADILLAC

200 years later, an explosion.

applaud. One of the paraders will be costumed as Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, who paddled through *place du Detroit*—the narrows between Lakes Huron and Erie—and picked a spot to start the fur-trading post that became Detroit. In a brisk, well-organized way, this week, Detroit is observing its 250th birthday.

Two hundred and fifty years is a ripe age for a midwestern city. For almost 200 of those years, Detroit slumbered. First a fort, then a town, by 1896 it was a contented city of 285,000 which brewed a little beer, made a few families wealthy through lumbering and mining, turned out carriages and stoves and let its arteries harden in dignity. But beer and dignity were not its destiny. Charles Brady King chugged down a street in a horseless carriage. Three months later came Henry Ford in another ugly contraption. A young inventor named Ransom E. Olds scraped up capital to underwrite the revolution. The explosion of the internal-combustion engine woke up slumbering Detroit. The

engine put a nation on wheels, tracked the nation with highways, filled the countryside with flashy billboards, hot-dog stands, gas fumes, and, in a climactic outpouring of weapons, tools, vehicles and planes, won World War II.

Radiator Art. Detroit is unique among American cities. Paradoxically, it could stand as a symbol of America.

It is brash, ingenious, emphatic and go-getting. It has given to the world Charles ("Boss") Kettering, genius of production, Joe Louis, onetime genius of the clout, and Edgar A. Guest, genius of the jingle. One of its showpieces is its Institute of Arts, containing Diego Rivera's monstrous panorama of machines, gears and allegorical nudes. But the acme of its important art is the elegant chrome design of the automobile radiator.

Detroit is casual, rough-&-ready, informal—a city of bright neckties and T-shirts, bowling alleys, towering commercial hotels, overstuffed clubs buzzing with shop-talk and big deals. It is a city of salesmen, technicians and craftsmen, mechanics and makers of chemicals, furnaces, tools, dies and household appliances. Almost half of its employed population are the 320,000 workers who perform the automaton labor of the auto plants. They speak to the world through such trumpet-voiced agents as red-haired Walter Reuther—and speak so loud they are now among the best-paid workers in the world.

Patchwork. Engines, weapons, wealth and mass production were not the only things that King, Ford and Olds created. They created the social problems which for two decades have harassed the city. Behind the present good wages of the auto industry lies a history of some of the worst violence in U.S. labor. Today, Detroit's labor is comparatively peaceful, casually shifting jobs with the shifts in Detroit's production pattern, getting over the slumps with the help of unemployment-compensation checks.

Today, the Detroit of Henry Ford is a great patchwork of races and nationalities—Hungarians, Poles, Greeks, Negroes, Chinese. To this polyglot gathering, in World War II, were added workers from Kentucky and Tennessee, dubbed "hillbillies" by their neighbors. Oldtime Detroiters blame them for some of the ugly race tension which erupted once and might again. Restive and dynamic, Detroit has all the problems of a city which, in a half-century, has increased sixfold.

But it sprawls there proudly, minding its enormous business. It has little of orthodox beauty. What beauty there is has to be sought out, along the shores of Lake St. Clair, behind the trees of the luxurious suburbs. It has another kind of beauty, which is to be found in the upthrust stacks and belching blast furnaces of the Ford plant, in the great assembly lines of glittering vehicles and machinery.

It has no hoary history. But its squatting skyline, the great structures of the General Motors Building, the Fisher Building, the Detroit Edison power plant, are symbols of history still in the making.





Ford's RIVER ROUGE PLANT sprawls over 1,700 acres; its belching blast furnaces symbolize the Detroit area's industrial might.



GROSSE POINTE provides a suitably luxurious setting for the "gasoline aristocracy."



DETROIT'S ASSEMBLY LINES are now



LAKE ST. CLAIR is important to shippers and yachtsmen. Beyond the *Ontonagon Railroad*, the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club.



turning out some 1,750 cars a week, Plymouth (above) is the largest assembly plant in the world, completes about 1,600 every workday.



CRANBROOK INSTITUTIONS in nearby Bloomfield Hills are ornamented by the fine fountains of famed Resident-Sculptor Carl Milles.



GRAND CIRCUS PARK is the busy hub of Detroit's downtown traffic spokes; Woodward Avenue (center) divides the city east and west.



BARLESS ZOO's polar bears amuse spectators with a midafternoon dunking show. Beyond Clover Leaf Lake is refreshment pavilion.



"BRUNETTE VENUS" is a sight never seen by women visitors at the Detroit Athletic Club, the grand lodge of automobile executives.

DISASTER

Too Much & Too Little

In Kansas and Missouri, sweat-stained thousands set out to clear their homes after the nation's costliest flood. In the muck and debris left by receding waters, people fought rats, flies and fumes from gas leaks. Raging waters of the Kaw and the Missouri had killed 41 people, sent 500,000 fleeing, caused \$875 million damage, flooded 2,000,000 acres. While the flood rolled on—less dangerously—into the Mississippi and past St. Louis, local, state and federal officials began to discuss what could be done for the future. Major General Lewis A. Fick, Chief of Army Engineers, told the congressional committee that the whole disaster might have been averted had \$300 million been appropriated for flood-control projects in that area under the Pick-Sloan Plan. But that was not done because there was local opposition to using large areas of farm land for reservoirs, differences of opinion on how the job should be administered, people who thought the plan too ambitious and too full of pork barrel. Said General Pick: Let's get going now.

In Arizona last week, Phoenix Weatherman J. R. Jurwitz asked, "Why can't God give us some of that Missouri water?" Residents looked up at smoke-hazed skies and prayed for rain. Drought is now in its tenth year of creeping paralysis. Forest fires burned 26,450 Arizona acres in June and are roaring on. (New Mexico, Washington, Oregon and California also had drought-born forest fires.) "It's so dry, a hot breath could start a fire," said one ranger.

Water is being trucked to small towns. Arizona's rainfall in all of 1950 was 7.5 inches, the lowest on record (in the Kansas-Missouri flood, 12 inches fell in 72 hours). Overplanting of cotton, overgrazing of cattle is depleting the ground water supply. Arizona's \$300 million agricultural economy is in peril from the years of dryness, and some alarmed Arizonans fear a general exodus from the state if rain doesn't come.

COLORADO

Understandable Language

Roy Best, the gnarled warden of Colorado's penitentiary, is one of the toughest in the business. He looks the part and acts it. In fact, when Hollywood did a movie called *Canon City*, about a big escape from his prison, they got him to play the warden. For more than 20 years, Best, a onetime cowpuncher, has run Canon City's stone prison with an iron fist. He keeps it clean, serves good food, sees to it that both guards and prisoners snap to when he shows up, deals severely with any who get out of line. His housekeeper is a woman convicted of feeding her ten-year-old stepdaughter ground glass, beating her with an iron and drowning her in a lake.

Last week at Canon City came the kind of situation Roy Best greets with vigorous



Rocky Mountain News
WARDEN BEST (DEMONSTRATING)
With vigorous aplomb.

aplomb. Five long-term convicts tried to escape, attempted to free nine troublemakers in solitary. Using a smuggled-in gun, and knives sneaked out of the prison shoeshop, they wounded two guards. But tear gas stopped them. Then the five were marched to the prison gymnasium, were stripped, examined by a physician and shackled over the "grey mare," a wooden gym horse. As the doctor stood by, the warden himself and guards took turns walloping the five where mother used to spank. Their lash was a leather strap 6 inches wide and 2½ feet long.

When word of the floggings got out, the *Denver Post* cried "savage." Governor Dan Thornton hurried to Canon City to investigate. Best, a former president of the Wardens of America Association, was

not afraid of the governor or anybody else. Said he: "I have used [the strap and wooden horse] through nine governors and I'll keep on using them, unless I'm specifically ordered to abandon them by the governor. I don't like to whip another human being. But these five men were dangerous. If they had been able to escape and free a lot of other dangerous men, there is no telling how many innocent people would have been killed. The lash is a language that is understood."

The five convicts seemed to understand the language all right. They had painfully bruised and welted buttocks but, said the prison doc, no serious or permanent injury. Said one simply: "We gambled and lost." Newspapers and many Coloradans did not accept the floggings so matter of factly. This week, beset by critics, Governor Thornton and the state prison board outlawed flogging at Canon City. Not yet decided: whether to take any action against the flogging warden.

MANNERS & MORALS

For Boys Only

Eight times Seattle pulled out all the stops to welcome home a boatload of "rotating" G.I.s returning from Korea. The standard welcome program: brass bands, free theater tickets, ice cream, candy, a performance on the wharf by bathing beauties, swivel-hipped hula girls, and prancing cancan dancers. The boys thought it was great stuff, but some of Seattle's moms didn't. They wrote letters to the papers, buttonholed and berated officials to complain about the show the girls put on at dockside.

Last week, as the ninth troopship nosed into the harbor, Seattle's outraged matrons had their way. The band was still there and free steak dinners for the boys, but no cancons, no hulas, no cheesecake.



Associated Press
SEATTLE'S CANCON GIRLS WELCOME ROTATING G.I.S.
Mommies didn't like it.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Roadblock

The negotiators at Kaesong, trying to write an agenda for the cease-fire talks, seemed to be getting along famously. By the middle of the week, they had agreed to list three topics: 1) the physical details of stopping the fighting; 2) the definition of a cease-fire line; 3) safeguards against resumption of fighting. Then came the trap: the Reds wanted the agenda to list another topic, to wit, "withdrawal of foreign troops" from Korea.

U.S. Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy, spokesman for the U.N., insisted that this was a political matter, and clearly not a proper topic for a conference specifically intended to negotiate nonpolitical issues.

once more, and Admiral Joy once more said no, Nam Il finally asked: could the conference adjourn for four days, until Wednesday (presumably while he sought further instructions)? Yes, said Joy.

Allied newsmen at Kaesong speculated that the Chinese Communists were willing to compromise on the foreign troops issue, were pressing the North Koreans to go along. This week's Red answer would decide whether or not the truce talks would continue.

Keystone Cops

For the Red delegates, the Kaesong talks are apt to be hazardous business. At every conference session, the Communists arrive in nine jeeps. The Red jeep drivers tear up the two-lane dirt road in Kaesong

peculiar social stigma almost as bad as Trotskyism: they drive captured U.S. jeeps. When the drivers of the Russian jeeps boast that theirs are the best, the other two carefully but dolefully keep their mouths shut.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Build Up & Wait

Over the Kaesong talks fell an ominous shadow; it was cast by a massive Red buildup. Allied airmen reported as many as 1,000 Red trucks a night moving down the coastal roads. The Reds were increasing their number of antiaircraft guns (which have been shooting down an average of three to five U.N. planes a day). U.N. air crews spotted an estimated 300 tanks 55 miles north of Kaesong, poised to swoop down on Seoul along the same invasion route they used 13 months ago.

Heavy steel bridging equipment, the first of its kind seen in North Korea, was lashed to freight cars and headed south. A possible use: to bridge the Han on a drive to Seoul.

At week's end, Communist combat strength was estimated at 620,000 men, with 300,000 of them on the ready along the 100-mile battlefield—the best Red military showing since the abortive May offensive.

The Red buildup at the front was not necessarily a sign that the Reds were using the truce talks only as a screen for preparing an offensive or that they expected the talks to fail. The U.N. was also diligently plugging away at a buildup of its own. The Air Force was diverting the 116th Bomber Wing, originally earmarked for NATO, to Korea. The Navy was sending over the carrier *Essex*, two cruisers, a complement of destroyers. Though the Army and Marine Corps were rotating personnel rapidly, the flow of replacements made sure that there would be no weakening of ground strength.

Meanwhile, both sides kept a cautious sparring stance. U.N. radar-guided planes flew through blinding rains, hammered at Red airfields, railroad yards, bridges, troop concentrations, supply dumps. U.N. warships ranged north of the parallel, shelled Red supply lines. Patrols slogged through quagmire roads, encountered enemy units on the same mission, felt out their strength and retired.

The U.N. army was waiting for word from Kaesong, and ready for anything. So, too, apparently, were the Communist armies beyond the Imjin.

24 Hours

The Army communications machines at the Pentagon, one day last week, were hammering out the Korean casualty list. Next to the regular entry, "K.I.A." (killed in action), the machines printed: None. For the first time in 53 weeks, 24 hours had passed in Korea without a single U.S. soldier dying on the battlefield.



U.N. NEGOTIATORS* AT KAESONG
Waiting for the word.

Horace Bristol—Black Star

North Korea's General Nam Il, sitting on a four-inch cushion to cut a more impressive figure at the conference table, was also adamant; it was, said he, a proper subject for the negotiators.

At the next session, flint-faced Admiral Joy, his Midwestern drawl turned down to a deliberate monotone, spoke for only five minutes, repeated that the U.N. would not discuss troop withdrawals.

At this point, two slight men, whose tableless, shapeless uniforms seemed drab beside the snappy uniforms of the North Koreans, stirred vigorously at the table. During the previous seven sessions, the Red Chinese negotiators had been impassive, let Nam Il do the talking. Now they scribbled notes furiously. When Joy finished, they spoke quickly to their interpreter who relayed their words to General Nam Il. For four minutes, the hiss of whispers filled the room.

After General Nam Il repeated his line

like Keystone cops chasing bathing beauties. As each jeep reaches the meeting ground, the driver stomps on the brakes, the delegates jump out and do their best to dodge the other onrushing jeeps (so far, there have been no casualties). Once rid of his passengers, the driver backs up to a parking space, disdaining to look behind. Usually, several drivers head for the same space. (It is, apparently, a matter of special pride for each driver to be parked as near the conference house as possible). Result, recorded by a fascinated New York Times correspondent: one day, within ten minutes, all nine jeeps mingled in a melee of crumpling fenders and shrilling horns.

Two of the jeep jockeys suffer under a

* Major General Laurence Craigie, South Korea's Major General Park Sun Yup, Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy, Major General Henry Irving Hodges, Rear Admiral Arleigh Burke.

INTERNATIONAL

COMMUNISTS

Next: Tito?

The Cominform clan gathered in Warsaw last week. Occasion: the seventh anniversary of Poland's Communist regime. The Communist nabobs, out in unusual form, were headed by Russian Politburocrat Vyacheslav Molotov, who is not in the habit of traveling to minor Red letter day celebrations in satellite countries unless he has good reason. Also present: Marshal Georgi Zhukov, recalled from the limbo to which he had been banished in 1946; Soviet Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, boss of Poland's armed forces (a week ago reported assassinated); Deputy Premier Walter Ulbricht of East Germany, the top German Communist; Polish President Boleslaw Bierut and enough deputy premiers from Albania, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Outer Mongolia, Hungary and Rumania to fill several police vans.

After reviewing the Polish army, Molotov made a long speech in which he 1) referred only briefly to Korea, with emphasis on Russia's peace-loving efforts to bring about a truce; 2) attacked the West as usual for warmongering and plotting aggression against Russia. Most ominous note: a sharp attack on Tito's Yugoslav regime. Cried Molotov: "Realizing that the Yugoslav people hate this hired gang of criminals who stole its way to power, the Tito regime holds itself in power by bloody terror. This cannot continue long. The peoples of Yugoslavia will find a way to freedom and liquidation of the Titoist Fascist regime."

THE NATIONS

Making Sense on Spain

In politics, as in other branches of morals, it is easy to be right in ideal circumstances. The heart of the matter is to be right in the circumstances that exist; these are never ideal, often ghastly.

Last week the U.S. Government revealed a painful decision that made good moral, political and military sense: Franco Spain would be accepted as an ally in the defense of Europe.

Instantly, an outcry against the decision went up from those who would not face the facts. The facts included:

☐ Spain's position on the map makes it a prime element in European defense, especially in air and sea war.

☐ Franco cannot be wished away. The U.S., Britain and France could probably have forced him out in 1946, if they had been willing to risk the consequences, including possible armed intervention in another Spanish civil war. They balked the challenge then; their half measures of diplomatic ostracism only strengthened Franco with his own people.

☐ Nobody denied that if war with Russia came, the U.S. and its allies would unhesitatingly turn to Franco for help.

More & more insistently, practical and

responsible men in Washington asked themselves this question: why is it wrong to do now what would be done if war came?

By December 1950, this question had its inevitable answer. Stanton Griffis was sent to Madrid as ambassador with instructions to prepare the way for bringing Spain into the European defense setup. He did his job. Last week Washington's decisions and Griffis' work bore two fruits: 1) Admiral Forrest Sherman, who was to die a few days later (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), talked with Franco in Madrid and reached a preliminary agreement that should lead to U.S. air and naval bases in Spain in return for U.S. economic aid; 2) Franco thoroughly revamped his cabinet, liberalizing it.

How much it is liberalized is the subject

emerges clearly as Spain's No. 2 political figure. Restrictions on the press and on business are likely to be relaxed.

All this does not constitute a democratic revolution; neither is it peanuts.

The British and French Foreign Offices protested to Washington against a deal with Franco. This time, however, there was no Washington talk (as there was last spring during the MacArthur crisis) of how the U.S. could not act without its allies. Acheson stood firm. France and Britain soon made it clear that their protests had been made for home consumption only.

Next task is to get the haughty and isolationist Spaniards integrated with the rest of Europe, which they despise. Like almost all other worthwhile jobs challenging U.S. leadership, that one will be tough, too.



FRANCO, WIFE & GRANDDAUGHTER

The map forced the answer.

Associated Press

of some disagreement in the U.S. press. The New York Times, whose C. L. Sulzberger is carrying on a devious anti-Franco crusade, gives the impression that nothing much happened in Spain. In a sense, that is true. The new cabinet is loyal to Franco, and Franco is still a dictator.

However, Franco is also a patriotic Spaniard who does not always put the interests of his Falange Party first. The Falange, which is the worst element in present Spanish politics, lost ground in the cabinet shake-up. The army held its ground. Monarchists (meaning, in Spain, conservatives who deplore much in the Franco regime) got nine out of 16 cabinet seats, a gain of three. There was serious talk that Franco might put young (13-year-old) Juan Carlos, son of the Pretender Don Juan, on the throne.

The progressive wing of the church is rising in influence; Catholic Action's Martin Artajo is still Foreign Minister and

NATO

Flank Protection

U.S. military men have long argued that Greece and Turkey, on the far-flung right flank of the North Atlantic nations, should be full-fledged members of NATO. The British have long argued that to extend NATO to the Near East would spread its forces too thin, politically and materially. Instead, the British wanted Turkey to be the center of a separate Near East defense plan, though they were vague about how to achieve it. Last week, Britain threw in her weight with the U.S., formally came out for bringing Turkey and Greece into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

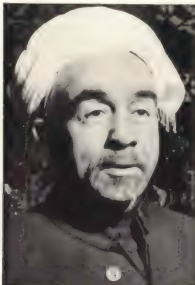
Next step: persuading the reluctant Belgians, Dutch and Scandinavians to agree. After that, Turkey and Greece, already getting U.S. military aid, will get formal invitations, are sure to accept.

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

King & Killer

In the Old City of Jerusalem, toward noon one day last week, a white-robed old man with piercing eyes and a soldierly bearing walked across the compound of the Mosque of the Rock, believed by the faithful to enclose the rock from which the Prophet Mohamed rode to heaven on a white steed. King Abdullah of Jordan,



KING ABDULLAH

His crime: friendship for the West.

who traces his descent from the Prophet himself, was making his weekly visit to the shrine to honor the Prophet and the memory of his own father, Hussein, one-time Sherif of Mecca (Custodian of the Holy Places) and King of the Hejaz, whose bones lie buried there. Abdullah, right hand relaxed on the hilt of his ceremonial dagger,* walked easily, far ahead of his bodyguard. Talking animatedly with his companions, including his grandson, 15-year-old Emir Hussein, the King went up the steps to the entrance of the nearby Aqsa Mosque, slipped off his shoes, prepared to join 4,000 other Moslems at prayer. At that point a young man in Western clothes stepped from behind an iron grille gate. Within a few paces of the unsuspecting monarch he whipped out an American-made automatic, fired five bullets into Abdullah's face and chest.

Broadcast Death. The first King of Jordan, one of the Arab world's few statesmen, fell to the ground. Five accomplices of the assassin fired into the roof of the mosque, and the crowd of worshipers

stampeded. (The microphones of Radio Jerusalem in the mosque were connected, carrying the sound of the shots to thousands who had tuned in to listen to the prayers.) Abdullah's body was trampled in the panicky rush. The accomplices, including a young boy who had been standing by with a reserve clip of ammunition, managed to get away. The murderer, according to one report, placed the gun to his right temple and shot himself; according to another version, it was the King's bodyguard who felled him where he stood.

Then the Hashemite regiment of the Arab Legion assigned to guard Abdullah rushed in. The men fired crazily, clubbed with their guns, stabbed with their bayonets, killed at least 20. Other legionnaires, usually tightly disciplined, rushed through the Old City, looting, and shooting at anything that stirred.

Three days later in Amman, its dusty capital, Jordan buried Abdullah. In his simple palace, men chanted verses from the Koran. As Abdullah's coffin was carried out to a waiting caisson, crowds of women wailed "*Sayedna*" (Our Master), tore their clothes and beat their bodies.

The dead King's boots were tied heels to the front in the stirrups of his pure white Arabian horse and the procession began to move, paced by the dull boom of a single cannon, fired every minute, Glubb Pasha, British chief of the Arab Legion, wept openly, wiped his eyes with his red-and-white checkered legionnaire's head-dress.

Abdullah's death is a serious loss for the West, for the King was the West's most reliable friend in the shifting, explosive Middle East.

The Other Mustafas. The story of Abdullah's murder—and of his murderer—explains what is happening in the Middle East.

The killer's name was Mustafa Shukri Asho. By trade he was a tailor's apprentice. Three years ago, in the Israeli-Arab war, Mustafa, then 18, joined an Arab terrorist gang known as the Sacred Holy Fight Commando (headed by a Nazi-trained demolition expert) to fight Israel. Mustafa, an American overseas cap cocked on his head, would do anything: once he drove a truckload of explosives into a Jewish section of Jerusalem, nonchalantly jumped out and watched the explosion.

But Mustafa's side lost the war. He was bitter and disillusioned. Like most Arabs of his age, he lost confidence in the older Arab leaders, and particularly hated Abdullah who, seeing how weak the other Arab states were, arranged a truce with the Jews. Mustafa went back to Jerusalem and the dull job of tailoring, ready to follow almost anyone who offered leadership, a goal, and revenge. He joined a semi-military gang known as the "Forthcoming Salvation Army" whose aim was to regain Palestine. Its reputed sponsor: the Mufti of Jerusalem, exiled by the

British in 1937, a schemer who still commands the loyalty of many Palestinian Arabs and whose ambition, shared by his protector, King Farouk of Egypt, is to crush Israel and destroy Britain's last remaining influence in the Middle East. Last week, at the Mosque of the Rock, Mustafa struck his blow for "Forthcoming Salvation," and gladly died for it.

The West calls Mustafa a "nationalist fanatic." But he is no exceptional case. Men like him are at large by the thousands from Abadan to Cairo, from Alep to Mecca. A man like Mustafa committed last week's second political murder in the Middle East, in a different case but in the same spirit (see below). Such men are not united in their aims; they often hate each other's factions. But they have one thing in common: hatred of the West and of all Arab leaders whom they suspect of friendship for the West. Lacking political leadership in their own countries or from the West, the Mustafas are involuntarily becoming Communism's formidable allies in the Middle East.

Arab Gentleman

When King Abdullah of Jordan visited Britain in 1946, Prime Minister Attlee showed him a portrait of Cromwell and remarked that in his opinion the great Puritan was a remarkable man. Sincerely



GRAND MUFTI OF JERUSALEM

His ambition: "Forthcoming Salvation."

shocked, Abdullah exclaimed: "But he was the man who cut off the King's head!"

Abdullah Ibn Hussein, scion of the proud Hashemite family, lived in his youth in "honorable captivity" *i.e.*, as a hostage for the good behavior of his powerful relatives, at the court of Turkish Sultan Abdul Hamid, who cut off heads with considerably less thought than Cromwell ever

* Securely soldered to its scabbard, to avoid incidents: before this precaution, rash-tempered Abdullah had been known to draw his dagger against subordinates.

gave the matter. But Abdullah preferred to satisfy his great ambition—and check his many enemies—through subtler means. He seemed to have a natural knack for the subtle games of power. At Abdul Hamid's court the youngster, who was born and raised (until 10) in a harem, came to realize that the Ottoman Empire was on its way out. He sided with another of history's favorites—then still in her prime—the British Empire. The British in World War I were organizing Arab resistance against Turkish rule in the Middle East; and Abdullah and his brothers fought bravely against the Turks.

Lawrence of Arabia described a meeting with the young prince: "Abdullah, on a white mare, came to us softly with a bevy of richly armed slaves on foot . . . Before long I began to suspect him of constant cheerfulness. His eyes had a confirmed twinkle . . ."

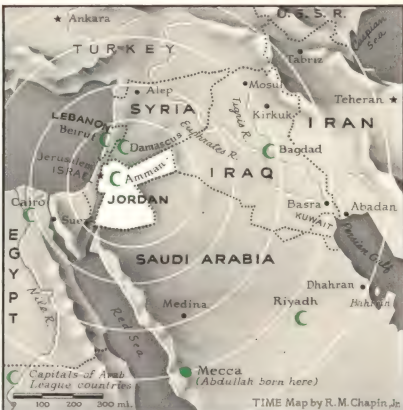
From Tent to Palace. In 1921, as a reward for the Hashemites' services, Britain's Colonial Secretary, Winston Churchill, made Abdullah Emir of Trans-Jordan and made his brother Feisal King of Iraq. The boys had their troubles. Their father, Hussein, Sheriff of Mecca, was attacked by his old rival, Ibn Saud. In the end, Ibn Saud drove the Sheriff out of his domain, annexed Mecca and the surrounding district to his holdings in Arabia.

Emir Abdullah, meanwhile, worked hard to transform Jordan, an ungainly, rocky patch of land, into a kingdom. For two years he lived in a tent. On the tent site at Amman Abdullah later built his palace. He ruled as an absolute monarch, but the poorest Bedouin could come to plead with him at any time. He once spent a whole day personally tracking down a rascal who had made a poor woman pregnant.

His throne was an ordinary armchair in claret-colored upholstery; his garb a spotless white shirt and beige ankle-length robe, elastic-side boots, and a white turban wound around his head, one end hanging rakishly loose in Hejaz style. Once Abdullah installed a set of distorting mirrors in the entrance to his audience chamber so that he could chuckle at the changing shapes of approaching people, particularly dignified British diplomats.

Abdullah had three wives, two sons, three daughters. No. 1 Queen was a cousin, Umm Talal, mother of Prince Talal; No. 2 Queen was a Turk, Umm Naif, mother of Prince Naif the new regent; No. 3 was a comely Ethiopian, black as the tents of Kedar, onetime maidservant to Umm Naif. The black queen attended to Abdullah's clothes, prepared his favorite meals of tender lamb, rice and raisins. A trim figure with a passion for green clothes and nylon stockings, she is, despite her heavy veil, often recognized in Amman's streets. An Amman urchin once jeered "Nylon" at her, after which it became a crime punishable by jail sentence to shout the word nylon publicly in Amman.

Dream of a Half Moon. Abdullah stayed consistently loyal to the British, even during World War II, when many



THE MIDDLE EAST

TURKEY (pop. 20,902,000): most progressive Moslem country, with constitutional government, compulsory schooling, woman suffrage. Head of state: President CEMAL BAYAR, 67. Armed forces: 350,000 men, 22,000 officers, with a potential strength of 2,000,000; high on courage, low on equipment, planes, training.

IRAN (pop. 18,381,000): Head of state: SHAH MOHAMMED, 31. Premier: MOHAMMAD MOSSADEQ. Only large organized political party: the Tudeh (Masses, i.e., Communists). Army: 145,000 men, outdated equipment. Main issue: oil.

IRAQ (pop. 4,799,000): slice of Ottoman Empire mandated to the British after World War I, served up to Hashemite King Feisal I (Abdullah's younger brother) in 1921; independent since 1932; a constitutional monarchy. Head of state: KING FEISAL II, 16. Premier: NURI AL SAID, 63. Militant member of the Arab League. Army: three divisions, outdated British equipment. British work oil concessions with Americans, French and Dutch—so far without trouble.

SYRIA (pop. 3,227,000): another slice of Ottoman Turkey mandated to France after World War I; republic, completely independent since 1946. Head of state: President HASHIM BEY ATASSI, 85. Real boss: Colonel ADB SHISHAKLI who seized power in a coup late in 1949. Army: 25,000, one armored brigade, French equipment, weak staff. Militant member of the Arab League.

LEBANON (pop. 1,229,000, half of them Christians): independent republic; split off from Syria in 1941. Head of state: President BECHARA EL KHOURY, 61. Capital, Beirut, is an intellectual center with famed American University. Army: tiny but loyal to government, with 5,000 men. Member of Arab League.

JORDAN (pop. 450,000): British mandate after World War I; 1921 an Emirate; in 1946, a kingdom ruled by the Hashemite family. Since KING ABDULLAH's assassination last week, a regency under PRINCE NAIF. Army: 15,000-man British-trained Arab Legion, best Arab fighting force. Member of Arab League, but at odds with it over Hashemite aspirations for a union with Iraq, Syria, Lebanon.

SAUDI ARABIA (estimated pop. 3,500,000): desert domain of KING IBN SAUD, 71, who took parts of it by force in 1925 from Hussein, the Sheriff of Mecca and Abdullah's father; in theory, a theocracy; in fact, an absolute monarchy. Member of the Arab League. Ibn Saud's main income: \$100 million yearly in royalties for oil concessions to Aramco. Army: 15,000, plus tribal irregulars. At Dhahran: important U.S. air base.

ISRAEL (pop. 1,400,000): independent republic since May 1948. Head of state: President CHAIM WEIZMAN, 77. Prime Minister: Socialist DAVID BEN-GURION, 65. Universally hated by Arab states. Army: 70,000 men, well-trained.

EGYPT (pop. 20,945,000): in World War I a British protectorate; fully independent since 1936. Head of state: KING FAROUK, 31. Premier: MUSTAFA EL NAHAR PASHA, 74. Strongest party: the Wafd (conservative nationalist). Army: 80,000 British-equipped, but poorly officered. A loud voice in the Arab League.

other Arab leaders were flirting with the Axis. His great political dream was a new state to combine Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Palestine, "that great half moon," as he called it, "which opens on two seas."

But that moon never rose. Ibn Saud, his family's old enemy, did not like the scheme, and neither did Egypt's Farouk, who dreamed, with his politicians, of uniting the Arab world under Egypt's leadership. Abdullah came to be almost universally disliked by other Arab leaders, denounced for his pro-Western stand.

New winds of violence and hate were sweeping the Middle East, different from the passionate, but more governable nationalism of Abdullah's own youth. Abdullah scoffed at threats, walked, unconcerned and freely, among his people. Last week, as he visited the Mosque of the Rock in Jerusalem, he was talking about the murder of Syria's Riad el Solh, who was assassinated a few days before (see below). Said Abdullah scornfully: "If Riad had come to Jerusalem, as I asked him, he would not be dead."

They were Abdullah's last words before his own murderer's bullets found him.

The Successors

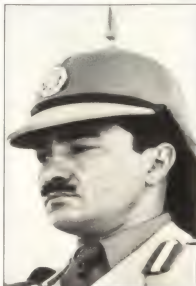
What next in Jordan? The Council of State hastily picked Abdullah's younger son, short, stocky 35-year-old Prince Naif (rhymes with life) to be regent. Naif, his father's favorite, educated at Victoria College, Alexandria, adopted Abdullah's pro-British opinions, but he seems to lack the old man's intuition, statesmanship and drive. He is more interested in soldiering and women than in the business of governing.

Normally, Abdullah's successor would be his eldest son, Prince Talal, 40, a Sandhurst man. But dark, brooding Talal seems nervously unbalanced, is given to violent outbreaks (mostly about the British, whom he dislikes), is currently in a Geneva sanatorium for treatment. He has periods of rationality during which he can be charming, but when he is caught with a fit of unaccountable anger he can be dangerous. Recently, when his wife gave birth to a daughter, he tried to kill the mother and child because, he said, it was a crime to bring children into a disordered world. Reportedly, he once slapped the respected face of Glubb Pasha, British head of Abdullah's Arab Legion, for contradicting him in front of his father; another time, he threatened to kill Glubb. A Hashemite family conference, with the British kibitzing, will probably decide whether Talal is fit to rule, or whether his son, Emir Hussein, 15, will be King.

The Second Murder

Among the last week of King Abdullah's official visitors last week was a stocky, cigar-smoking man with a tarboosh tilted jauntily over a blunt, puckish face. He was Riad Bey el Solh, 57, one of the Middle East's shrewdest politicians and Lebanon's first premier when the little country became independent in 1943.

He had worked hard for Lebanese inde-



REGENT NAIF

A family conference will decide.

pendence and was something of a national hero, but he also faced stiff political opposition. The fascist-like Syrian National Party wanted Lebanon reunited with Syria to become part of an Arab superstate, Greater Syria. El Solh stood for Lebanon's complete independence. Two years ago the Syrian National Party broke out in open revolt. The revolt was suppressed and Party Leader Anton Saadeh, who fled to Syria, was extradited, tried and shot. His followers swore they would get revenge on el Solh.

Last week, el Solh visited Abdullah.

talked with him for a few hours, then drove out to Amman airport in Abdullah's limousine. At a lonely stretch of the road a strange car ripped past, Tommy-gun fire burst from its windows. El Solh was shot through jaw and heart, instantly killed. The assassins: Mikhail el Dib, a Lebanese, and Mohammed Salah, a Palestinian Arab, both members of the Syrian National Party. One of the men was killed by police; the other reportedly took his own life.

IRAN

Progress in Pink Pajamas?

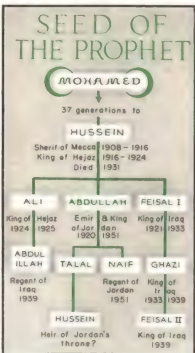
Everywhere Averell Harriman went last week, he was sure to be accompanied by hard-eyed Manoochehr Moayeri, one of the snappiest dressers on the Teheran police force, and shaven-pollled Mohammed Baseri, who always cuddles a revolver under his coat. Whenever Special Envoy Harriman's black Cadillac swept out of Saheb Gharanieh Palace (his sumptuous home-away-from-home near Teheran), a motorcycle escort and three jeep-loads of cops headed by Moayeri and Baseri warily led the way. The Iranian government was mortally afraid that Tudeh (Communist) party terrorists or other extremists might try to do harm to President Truman's emissary—especially if his mission to mediate the oil dispute miraculously showed signs of success.

Tired, with deep circles under his eyes, Harriman drove himself and his aides hard, moving swiftly from Prime Minister to Shah to Parliament to Oil Commission to the British and back again. In their second of three talks, Premier Mohamed Mossadeq received Harriman in bed wearing light pink pajamas. He was reported impressed by the American's straightforward, sincere attitude.

Harriman's main job last week: to dispel Iranian illusions that the country could run the Abadan refinery alone or that it would get U.S. technical help. So far, when confronted with such arguments Iranian politicians have merely smirked: "Something will be arranged." Harriman and his special adviser, German-born Walter Levy, a professional oil consultant, let go with a barrage of facts & figures to show the Iranian Oil Commission that they were wrong. Harriman talked tough, told the Iranians flatly that U.S. and British oil companies would boycott them, that the West could get along more easily without Iranian oil than Iran could without oil revenues.

While swinging the stick with one hand, Harriman held out the carrot of U.S. economic aid with the other. "I am more impressed than ever," said he, "with the great opportunities that exist for expansion . . . and improvement of the health and general welfare of the people." This week there was some hope that the Iranian donkey might budge.

After a four-hour huddle with the Oil Commission, the Iranian cabinet announced that a "formula" had been reached for reopening talks with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.



BELGIUM

Farewell

Leopold's major fault was perhaps that he wanted too much to be a King. As constitutional monarch of the Belgians, he had adamantly, and often bravely, refused to take a back seat while his ministers ran the country. His willfulness had led him into many dark hours, the darkest of which was his surrender of the Belgian army to Hitler in 1940. In recent years, Leopold's stubborn refusal to give up the throne of which more than half his people felt he was no longer worthy deeply rent Belgium.

Last week, after 17 years as sovereign, Leopold III, King of the Belgians, did what he could to make amends and restore

The Lonely One

[See Cover]

Ministers in morning coat or resplendent uniform were ranged along one side of the crowded chamber in Brussels' Parliament (designed for only 200 deputies, it was crammed with 1,000 guests). At the ministers' left sat the diplomatic corps, to the right were Belgium's top justices, grave in fur-trimmed gowns. Next to them were Senators and Representatives. Under a huge red velvet canopy stood the throne of Belgium, a formidable chair—newly gilded and fitted with red upholstery—which had been lugged down from the Parliament building's attic.

At 11 a.m., a tall young man, just a few weeks under 21, entered the chamber

A King's Oath. From a script held in a trembling hand, the new King read a message to his people first in Flemish, then all over again in French: "After having consecrated himself entirely to the country, King Leopold III ended his reign by a gesture whose grandeur and abnegation excite admiration. I thank the country for having paid him unanimous homage . . . My father inculcated in me respect for the constitution and traditions of the dynasty. I shall remain scrupulously faithful to them."

There was polite applause. King Baudouin walked out as stiffly as he had come in, and climbed into a waiting Cadillac. As the royal car rolled through the capital's prosperous streets, cannon boomed and church bells rang out. Some 12,000 soldiers



FIRST SPEECH FROM THE THRONE
"The poor boy must be tired."

harmony among his people. Before a distinguished group of 250 in the Royal Palace's white-and-gold throne room in Brussels, the stern, still handsome and young-looking (at 50) monarch relinquished his right to reign to his 20-year-old son Baudouin. "It is with pride," Leopold told the boy, "that I transmit to you the noble and heavy mission of henceforth bearing the crown* of a Belgium which has remained, despite the most terrible of wars . . . free and faithful to its tradition."

To his people, Leopold said: "My dear compatriots . . . the future of the country depends on your national solidarity . . ."

In the heavy silence of the crowd outside, as Leopold signed the instrument of abdication, three teen-age girls passed a single handkerchief back & forth, dabbing fitfully at welling eyes.

* A figure of speech. Belgium uses none of the royal trappings, crown, orb or scepter.

alone, walking stiffly and slowly. His large eyes were solemn behind horn-rimmed glasses. His mouth was set hard. His slim, square shoulders seemed a bit too slight for the heavy bullion of the lieutenant general's epaulettes they bore. At the first step of the red-carpeted dais before the throne, he stopped, turned, and bowed right & left. A hush hung over the chamber; the young man's black shoes glistened in the subdued light. He raised his right hand with two long, slim fingers pointing upward and in a tensely precise voice, he vowed: "I swear to observe the constitution and the laws of the Belgian people, to maintain their national independence and the integrity of the territory."

A moment later, on the 120th anniversary of Belgium's birth as a nation, Baudouin Albert Charles Leopold Axel Marie Gustave, Duke of Brabant, Count of Hainaut and fifth King of the Belgians, sat on his throne for the first time.

and police lined the streets to hold back the crowds craning for a look at the King they scarcely knew. Later, Baudouin appeared on the palace balcony to answer the cheers of 60,000 gathered below. For exactly 50 seconds, he extended an arm in acknowledgment. Then he went back inside. The crowd called and called again. They slanted pocket mirrors to flash the rays of the brilliant July sun in at the palace windows, but Baudouin did not reappear. "The poor boy must be tired," sighed one woman. "How can the country know that, if we don't get a chance to see him?" humphed another. "After all, we don't ask much of the boy."

A King's Place. Few monarchist nations demand less of their sovereigns than Belgium. Of their King, Belgians expect tact, tolerance and conformity to good bourgeois ideals. Belgians—nearly half of whom are French-speaking and mostly anticlerical Walloons, the others predominantly

Roman Catholic Flemings—need a King as a symbol of unity. Belgium's young dynasty, just over a century old, has usually known its place. Baudouin's grandfather, mountain-climbing King Albert, became Europe's best-loved monarch (in October 1918, in trench coat and battered helmet, Albert surprised the stout burghers of Ostend as the first allied soldier to enter that Belgian city on the heels of the fleeing Germans). But he never forgot the lesson his autocratic grandfather and predecessor Leopold I had learned through hard experience: in Belgium, a King is supposed to govern, not to rule. Albert's son, Leopold III, the father of Baudouin, tended to forget it. But with Leopold's abdication and young Baudouin's succession, the Royal Question seemed at last settled. "The crisis is dead," said one observer. "Long live the King."

A King's Childhood. When King Baudouin (born 1930) was a few hours old, his maternal grandmother, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, held him up before a cabinet meeting and said: "See how well-developed he is already! He is almost as big as a Premier!" When Baudouin was four, his grandfather Albert slipped on a mountain crag. The mourning bells for the beloved monarch were among the first impressions in the boy's mind. A year later, his mother, radiantly beautiful Queen Astrid, was killed in an automobile accident on a vacation in Switzerland (the King himself had been driving). Hagard with grief, Leopold returned to his country home at Stuyvenberg. His three children were playing on the lawn: Josephine-Charlotte careening down the paths on her bicycle, five-year-old Baudouin in panting pursuit, and Baby Albert on his nurse's

lap. Unable to speak, the King turned away, sent out a lady in waiting to tell the children the news.

The unhappy family moved to the coldly formal Château de Laeken, just outside Brussels. There Leopold and his mother, Queen Elizabeth, with a regiment of nurses, governesses and tutors, supervised young Baudouin's preparation for the King business. Like his sister & brother, the young prince rose each morning at 7, pattered in to wish his grandmother good morning, did sitting-up exercises before breakfast. He was bitter when his sister bested him. "I'm a man," he told the gym instructor imperiously. "The idea of your thinking I can't do as well as a girl!"

He never had much fun. By the time he was seven, Baudouin was commuting to the city daily to spend the morning studying in a specially constructed classroom in the royal palace. When he was eight, he was allowed to join a Boy Scout troop—but its members were carefully chosen by protocol officers. He delighted in driving a toy car, but, as often as not, his only playmate would be his unbending, unsmiling governor, the Vicomte Gatten du Parc (who reluctantly played the traffic cop for the young prince). Baudouin seemed to smile as rarely as the vicomte. His happiest times came on vacations, when the royal children were shipped off to a small villa in West Flanders. Henri Bael, the governor of the province, and a self-made man whose people had been fishermen, sent his slim, young daughter Liliane over to play with the royal children. Sportive, lively Liliane promptly became their favorite. She brought gaiety and warmth into Baudouin's well-regulated days. At the children's urging, she came to visit them later at Laeken. When King Leopold came home for dinner one day and dropped into the nursery, Baudouin proudly introduced his new friend to his father.

Thus, in the nursery, began one of Europe's better publicized royal romances which, four years later, found its properly happy ending: the King made the pretty commoner a princess and married her. The marriage did not help Leopold's popularity, for his nation remembered and still loved Queen Astrid.

Royal Refugees. Baudouin was nine when World War II broke out. In 1940, after 18 days of hopeless resistance, his father surrendered the Belgian armies to the Nazi invaders, chose to stay in his country, a virtual prisoner of the Germans.

In June 1944, with allied armies rolling closer & closer, the royal family was rushed to a drafty old château on the banks of the Elbe, where they stayed nearly nine months. Then, in March 1945, the Belgian prisoners were hustled away once more. Driving through Munich just as an air alert sounded, the family took shelter under a railroad bridge. When Baudouin and his younger brother screamed in terror, Leopold lost his temper and yelled at them to be quiet. A householder on the roadside took the royal D.P.s. in for the night. Next day, they traveled to

TEEN-AGE ROYALTY



Robert Corbucci/AGF
KING FEISAL II

It was a week in the news for the younger set of kings and pretenders as Belgium's Baudouin, 20, mounted his father's throne. Other junior royalty in the limelight:

Feisal II, 16, King of Iraq, already safe on his strawberry-colored throne in Baghdad. He has been twelve years a monarch (but not yet a ruler; Iraq is governed in Feisal's name by 38-year-old Regent Abdul Illah, the boy King's crafty, effeminate uncle). Weaned on a well-balanced formula of British manners and Arab morals (an English governess taught him etiquette in the mornings; Queen Mother Aliyah read Islamic literature in the evenings), swarthy Feisal grew up a toytown prince, boxed in by such old-fashioned playthings as a 3-ft.-long General Grant tank whose wheel chains were forged out of gold, and a miniature Hurricane fighter, built for him by R.A.F. mechanics. At 14, Feisal knotted on his father King Ghazi's old school tie, trundled off to Harrow, England. Today, he is a thin, straw-hatted upperclassman, with a reputation for athletics and authorship. This year, Feisal wrote a judo manual in Arabic for the use of the Iraqi army, presented the first copy to his great uncle King Abdullah of Jordan, who was assassinated last week. Its title: *How to Defend Yourself*.

In 1953, when he is 18, Feisal will replace Abdul Illah as constitutional ruler of Iraq. Thousands of the Faithful hope the black-eyed little King will unite the Arab lands. Speaking of the Middle East, he once said: "Why those frontiers? We all speak the same language."

Emir Hussein of Jordan, 15, slender, bookwormish grandson of King Abdullah and likeliest to succeed to Abdullah's vacant throne. A lonely, taciturn adolescent who dislikes sports, he differs strikingly from his fun-loving cousin, King Feisal. Despite his captain's commission in the Jordan army, Hussein prefers collecting guns to firing them. He is a bright student at Victoria College, a British school in Alexandria, Egypt, but hates the British, hopes eventually to chuck them out of Jordan.

Prince Juan Carlos ("Juanito") Bourbon y Bourbon, 13, eldest son of Spain's Pretender Don Juan, reported last week to be the official (i.e., Franco-approved) candidate for the Spanish throne. A shy, spoiled teen-ager, who is maturing rapidly, Juanito was born in exile in Rome, never set foot in Spain until 1948, when General Franco invited him to study in Madrid. This year, in his fourth year exams at Madrid's blueblood St. Isidro high school—nimble-minded Juanito chalked up grades fit for a king in geography and history, still found time for bicycling, boxing and soccer. Biggest obstacle between Juanito and the throne: Franco's endorsement of the young prince is conditional upon his father's (Pretender Don Juan) renouncing his own claims.

* Not to be confused with Emir Feisal, viceroy of Hejaz, second son of King Ibn Saud.



Associated Press
PRINCE JUAN CARLOS

A vintage advertisement featuring a woman in a blue swimsuit and straw hat standing on a beach with two children. The woman is holding a blue hat. The children are playing in the sand. A red car is parked on the beach, and a large tire is visible. The background shows a blue sky and ocean.

Enjoy your vacation

...FREE FROM WORRY

THE GENERAL TIRE has many extra, safe miles built-in. Your Dealer can help you get them all. Why not stop in for a General check-up? And if you are planning a vacation, make this your first stop for a pleasant trip.

Goes a Long Way to Make Friends

**THE
GENERAL
TIRE**

Bathing Ensemble by Carolyn Schnur

Smooth sailing when you
ride the "Rocket"!



What a ride—"Rocket"! What a number—"88"! WHAT A CAR—OLDSMOBILE! That's the triumphant new Super "88"—and you should try its smooth-riding comfort! Thrill to the action of Oldsmobile's new gas-saving "Rocket" Engine! Traffic—take it in stride—with improved Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic Drive*. Relax in the roomy new Super "88" body—so big, so beautiful! Revel in the velvet softness of Oldsmobile's superlative new "Rocket Ride"! See your Oldsmobile dealer! Ride the newest "Rocket"! Make a date with an all-time great—Super "88" by OLDSMOBILE!



Above: Oldsmobile Super "88" De Luxe Convertible. *Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic Drive—optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim subject to change without notice.

Austria, where, two months later, they were liberated by General Alexander Patch's U.S. Seventh Army.

Father & Son. Because of his surrender to the Germans, Belgium no longer seemed to want Leopold. His easygoing, popular brother Charles, a wartime resistance leader, became regent. Leopold and his family went to live in a village in Switzerland, where the exiled King concentrated on golf, Liliane and a stubborn refusal to give up his throne.

Baudouin went to high school in Geneva. Teachers found him an overearnest but not always overapt pupil, except in math. His schoolmates found him friendly but pathetically shy. He never cracked a joke and was never seen with a girl. He was always quick to claim superiority for his father ("He is a great golfer . . . He is a great motorist . . ."). Said one classmate: "You could literally see the passion in his eyes whenever he spoke of his father."

Most of the boys at school called Baudouin by an affectionate but slightly mocking nickname, "Baudruiche," a nonsense version of his name (like "Baldy-Waldy" for Baldwin). Each day, Baudouin would ride to school on his bicycle, followed closely by a tutor on another. He deeply resented the close supervision; one day when the tutor wasn't looking, he let the air out of his tires. "Here," he told the tutor, "you fix this; I'll hold your bike." The tutor complied, and watched open-mouthed as the Belgian prince rode off—alone and, for once, happy.

Introduction to the World. Baudouin was growing up. In 1948, he accompanied his father on a trip to the U.S. "to be introduced to the world," did the standard sights for princely visitors (West Point, Annapolis, Princeton, but no nightclubs). Belgian tempers were wearing thinner & thinner over the question of Leopold's return—the Socialists were dead-set against it; the Catholic conservatives were for it. Suddenly, the statesmen seized on the gangling young prince as a key to compromise. Leopold reached an agreement with Socialist Leader Max Buset: he would live in Belgium as King in name only, delegate all constitutional powers to Baudouin until the boy came of age. At that time he would abdicate.

The day Leopold and his son returned from Switzerland, a heavy guard lined the streets of Brussels to protect them from possible attack. It was not a happy augury for the young man who was coming home to his future kingdom.

The young prince's slight frame was fitted out in olive drab and hung with the ritual cordon and sword. In one swoop, he was promoted from civilian to lieutenant general (Belgium's highest military rank) with nothing to bolster such splendor but an uncertain salute learned in Boy Scout days, still shaky despite much practice before a mirror.

Boy into Monarch. Few Belgians saw their Prince Royal while he was in final training for the kingship. Every morning at 8:45 sharp for almost a year, his black,



GRANDFATHER ALBERT



BAUDOUIN (AGED 6)



ASTRID



LEOPOLD



LILIANE

The first learned a lesson which the third forgot.

European, Van Parys, Acme

limousine entered Brussels almost unnoticed, merged with the traffic of the city and drew up to the palace gates. Baudouin spent the morning reading and signing official papers, receiving dignitaries. He emerged again at noon and went back to Laeken. There was no royal display, no fuss, no court circulars, no grand balls to remind pleasure-loving Belgians that they had a royal family again. An occasional trickle of news seeped out of the palace, e.g., Baudouin had a new motorcycle.

Through his training course in Brussels, he led an austere life. He had little relaxation except an occasional motorcycle ride or an hour or so of his favorite music (Mozart, Bach, Handel). At parties, he might have a glass of wine, more often called for orange juice (he also likes malted milk, a taste he picked up in the U.S.). He was usually in bed by 10.

He still passionately admired his father,

bitterly resented his fellow countrymen's treatment of him. Baudouin began to show a few signs of royal temper, as when he received an antiroyalist minister and left him standing during the audience, or when he snapped at a tutor who was repeating himself: "You said that three days ago." Although his entourage treated him more & more as a King, his father still seemed to regard him as a boy. At lunch, he would admonish Baudouin to take his elbows off the table. One of the rare visitors to Laeken described a day last December when Baudouin arrived late for a luncheon which his frowning father had already held up for 15 minutes. The prince rushed into the room in his general's uniform and drew himself stiffly to attention. "Dear Papa, dear *maman*," he burst out, "I'm terribly sorry. I couldn't help it. I had to stop to receive Acheson, Bevin and Schuman." The King

noded gravely, excused the boy and waved him to his seat.

Sneak Preview. One day last summer, the Prince Royal made his first public appearance, somewhat in the style of a Hollywood sneak preview. Without previous announcement, Baudouin sped in a car to the tomb of Belgium's unknown soldier, deposited a wreath. A dozen or so accidental bystanders were his only public. The consensus was that the princely starlet conducted himself well, but would need a lot more experience in the spotlight before he was a full-fledged royal star.

Since then, Baudouin has made 42 major public appearances. Belgium's ministers and statesmen have found him disciplined, earnest and intelligent. Even Socialist Paul-Henri Spaak, his father's implacable political enemy, likes Baudouin, is impressed by his intelligence. More romantic Belgians have seen in the boy's habit of walking with hands folded behind him, in his leanness and in his shy-ness a clear resemblance to his grandfather Albert.

As King, Baudouin will continue to do his chores, with his life even more carefully circumscribed: he will sign state documents, listen interestedly but non-committally to politicians' special pleas, deliver speeches carefully edited by others. The Belgian constitution states that "no Royal Act is valid unless countersigned by a cabinet minister." Baudouin has shown no sign of wishing to break out of this constitutional hammer lock, or of wanting to grow bigger than a Premier.

In time, Baudouin will be expected to make a suitable marriage, as carefully edited as his speeches. No one has been picked as yet, but a Belgian princess, 18-year-old Elisabeth de Mérode,* has been favorably mentioned.

For help and guidance, Baudouin will lean on his old governor, now Lord Chamberlain, who advises him in all matters of protocol; on Cabinet Chief Hubert Verwiltgen, an official with a gift of explaining intricate political tangles in clear, simple phrases; and on his father.

As ex-King, Leopold will get a pension of \$120,000 a year, will probably stay on in Belgium, spending much time at his old palace—as the guest of his son. Belgians wondered last week whether Leopold would go on asking the King to take his elbows off the table.

The nation that Leopold turned over to his son was prosperous beyond the dreams of most of Europe. Belgium, thanks in part to Leopold's submission to the Nazis, came out of the war almost intact. Her heavy industry is booming, her Congo rich in uranium, her shops and nightclubs are filled.

The Socialists, who support Baudouin, are agitating for new elections (their slogan: "For the new King, a new Parliament!"), are expected to make headway. Catholic Premier Pholien's fence-sitting cabinet is expected to offer Catholic King



Associated Press

PREMIER PHOLIEN Was the King as well-developed?

Baudouin's resignation, may soon be replaced by a Socialist-Catholic coalition. But Belgium's biggest problem is outside her borders: the threat of Russian aggression. By 1952, Belgium has promised to contribute to the NATO army one full armored division, two infantry divisions, two reserve divisions.

Baudouin's personal problem: to win the heart and support of his people. He has already inspired their loyalty and a certain affection. Among the crowds that jammed the streets at the end of his big day last week, a motherly Belgian woman watched the new King pass behind a prancing escort of mounted gendarmes in gleaming boots and top-heavy bearskin busbies. "Ah, le pauvre petit," she murmured. "All alone in his big auto."

PORTUGAL

Then There Was One

In April, after the death of 81-year-old President Antonio Carmona (he had held the office since 1926), Portugal's National Assembly quietly amended the constitution to give the council of state (composed of top government leaders) a veto over the "fitness for office" of any election candidate. This week Portugal held her first election under the new law to choose a successor to President Carmona. For the party in power, the law worked just fine.

There were three candidates. One was Ruy Gomes, professor of mathematics; the council ruled that he was "unfit"—reportedly because he was a fellow traveler—and out went Gomes.

The second was Admiral Manuel Carlos Meireles, who, though a right-winger, nevertheless spoke out in opposition to Dictator Antonio Salazar's one-man rule, demanded restoration of civil liberties, and end to graft. After assuring anti-Salazar factions that he would not quit the good

fight, he withdrew his candidacy three days before election Sunday, and out went Meireles.

The third and only remaining candidate was General Higinio Craveiro Lopes, 57-year-old airman and ex-leader of the green-shirted Portuguese Legion. He had been hand-picked for the presidency by Salazar, the austere former schoolteacher who has run Portugal with an iron hand in a velvet glove for 23 years. On Sunday, Portugal's voters duly trooped to the polls, cast their ballots for the unopposed presidential candidate, and in went Lopes.

INDIA

Ah, Wilderness

Prime Minister Nehru has lost his grip on the Indian Congress Party, the power, now crumbling, that led the fight for Indian independence. With common enemy and common purpose gone, the party has turned flabby and corrupt. Its new strong man is Prushottamdas Tandon, a bearded lawyer who looks like a Hindu holy man and acts like a Tammany boss. A right-winger, he controls the party machine and the political bosses whom Nehru has neither time nor inclination to pay much attention to. Last month a group of Nehru's left-wing followers seceded from the Congress Party, formed a new party of their own. At that, Nehru vowed he would crack down on Tandon, resume his old leadership of the Congress Party.

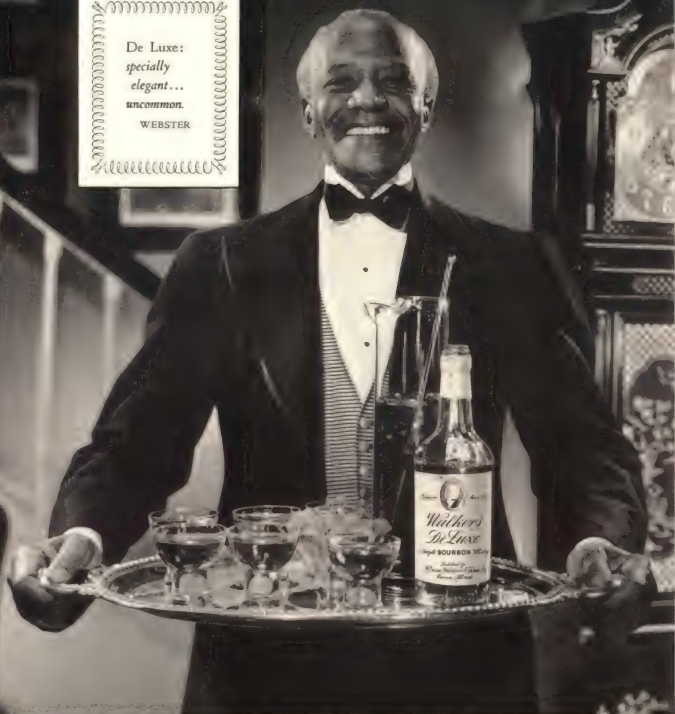
Nehru got his chance at Bangalore where 350 members of the All India Congress Committee met to make plans for India's forthcoming general elections (probably at the end of 1951). With evangelical fervor, Nehru campaigned for Congress Party reforms, told members that it would be better for them to lose the elections than lose their souls. Before a nineteen-member working committee, Nehru demanded reorganization of the Congress Party's election board (which nominates candidates) so as to give his own followers a chance against Tandon's party machine. He also asked that charges of corruption be investigated.

For three days, Nehru fought, doubtfully for his proposal. But when Tandon threatened to resign and challenged Nehru to run the Congress Party alone, Nehru saw his position as Prime Minister endangered, beat a hasty retreat.

Nehru tried to dress up his surrender to Tandon as a gesture for "unity," but his followers were not fooled. Last week two of his cabinet ministers, Rafi Ahmad Kidwai (Communications) and Ajit Prasad Jain (Rehabilitation) resigned from the Congress Party, but stayed on in the cabinet at Nehru's plea. (Their remaining in office, jeered Tandon, created an "impossible situation.") Other dissidents are sure to follow them. Said a veteran Congressman: "Nehru has no guts. He dislikes all that Tandon stands for, but he will campaign to get Tandon's nominees elected to Parliament to insure his Prime Ministership. Nehru has driven his followers into the wilderness."

* No kin to Leopold II's beautiful mistress, Dancer Cléo de Mérode.

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THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

El Benefactor

Before 2,000 delegates of his obedient Dominican Party, Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina announced last week that he would not seek a fifth term in next year's presidential election. But, he added, "my presence shall not be lacking in the solution of any fundamental problem." Dominicans knew what that meant: Generalissimo Trujillo, self-styled Benefactor of the Fatherland, would still be watching.

For Trujillo, giving up the presidency does not necessarily mean giving up power. His countrymen learned that much in 1938. The year before, Trujillo's soldiers

Whispers & Whips. The records of Rafael Trujillo's early years have disappeared—the dictator has seen to that. But tales are whispered. Dominicans say that young Rafael was a cattle rustler and a pimp, that at one time or another he was arrested for theft, forgery, rape. Intelligent and ambitious, he joined the constabulary set up by the occupying U.S. Marines, quickly rose to major. After the Marines departed (1924), he became head of the army. In 1930, he proclaimed himself a presidential candidate, used his soldiers to break up the opposition. He won handsily.

So began what in official Dominican chronology is called Year One of the Era

not escaped the occupational disease of dictators—morbid insecurity. He carries a pistol, frequently wears a bulletproof vest, is usually surrounded by bodyguards, employs a food taster. When he wants a drink, he calls for expensive Spanish brandy (Carlos I), has it sampled by others before he takes a sip.

Trujillo maintains upwards of 20 residences, provides with a lavish hand for his relatives, his children, legitimate and illegitimate, his many mistresses. He gets most of his income from his business enterprises at home and abroad, taking advantage of the monopolies he grants himself. A lover of farms and cattle, he is the nation's No. 1 landowner. Dominicans explain how Trujillo got his lands: "If the farmer did not sell, his widow did." His holdings cannot even be guessed at, since there is no clear-cut line between what belongs to Trujillo and what belongs to the state.

In some ways, the Benefactor has taken good care of his personal estate, a country of 2,212,000 people. He has boosted farm production, introduced some industry (e.g., cement, textiles), built roads, piers, hotels. The results, however, are by no means as splendid as the Dominican Information Service's full-page ads in U.S. newspapers and magazines make them out to be. The average Dominican farmer remains wretchedly poor.

Monument Builder. Trujillo has put up hospitals and schools, but above all he has put up monuments to himself. Every hamlet has a statue, or at least a bust, of *El Benefactor*, every public building an inscription proclaiming his beneficence. "Only Trujillo cures you," says the inscription on a hospital. Hundreds of towns, streets, buildings have been renamed after Trujillo, his father, his mother, and his patron saint, Rafael. In an unequalled burst of impudence, he renamed the oldest city in the New World (founded by Bartholomeo Columbus, brother of Christopher, in 1496): Ciudad Santo Domingo became Ciudad Trujillo.

Even with such stuff to soothe him, Trujillo has found the job of a dictator wearing. Despite non-smoking, temperance in drink and lots of expensive medical attention, he is tired. In March, he handed over the "executive power" to General Héctor (*El Negro*) Trujillo, 42, youngest of the six Trujillo brothers.* Last week, shortly after Rafael's no-fifth-term announcement, the Dominican Party dutifully nominated Héctor for President. Unless Rafael changes his mind, Héctor will inevitably be elected. But Big Brother will be watching him. Sooner or later, Rafael Trujillo will probably try to put his pampered oldest son "Ramfis," now 22, in the presidency. Dominicans do not even have the consolation of knowing that the Benefactor's death will end the Era of Trujillo.

* A seventh brother committed suicide in 1948.



HÉCTOR & RAFAEL TRUJILLO
Big Brother will be watching.

John Goutreau

butchered thousands of Haitians who had settled on Dominican land near the Haitian border. The massacre made the regime so unpopular with other American governments that Trujillo decided to "retire" for a while, installed a puppet President for the 1938-42 term.* But the Benefactor's dictatorial grip remained as tight as ever.

His motives for last week's announcement are not clear. Hemisphere pressure against him has relaxed. Possibly Trujillo was testing his ability to pass on his power to his family. Perhaps he merely wanted a rest; at 50, he is tired, and maybe ill. Whatever the reason, his "retirement" was a milestone on as brutal and bloody a road as any dictator in the Americas has trod in this generation.

* In 1930, Trujillo visited the U.S., was received, though coolly, by Franklin Roosevelt. During the visit, Trujillo's publicist explained that he had refused a third term out of respect for the U.S. tradition.

of Trujillo. Today, in Year 21, the Dominican Republic probably has more policemen and stool pigeons per capita than the Soviet Union. Trujillo shows no more mercy for his countrymen than he showed for the Haitians in 1937. There is no record of the number of Dominicans his bullyboys have shot and beaten to death, but exiles charge that the toll runs into thousands. Political prisoners who come back alive tell of Gestapo-model cells so constructed that the inmate can neither stand up nor lie down, of beatings with steel-wire whips.

Behind Closed Doors. The only party is Trujillo's *Partido Dominicano*, to which all Dominicans who want to get anywhere must belong; government employees pay 10% of their salaries into the party treasury. Behind closed doors, Dominicans curse the Era of Trujillo. But no one dares murmur in public: Dominicans have gone to jail for complaining about the weath.

In cowing his countrymen, Trujillo has

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PEOPLE

Paths of Glory

Manhattan's official greeter **Grover Whalen** turned in expense accounts for two recent civic receptions. The tab for General **Douglas MacArthur's** welcome came to \$23,467; the one for Israel's Prime Minister **David Ben-Gurion**, \$6,206.

Italy's Communist Boss **Palmiro Togliatti**, who was pinked three times by an assassin in 1948, got a token of esteem from the Skoda steel works: a bulletproof Skoda limousine. Such a gift, said the beaming Togliatti, "is proof of the industrial ability and excellent workmanship of Czechoslovakia, working . . . freely to put out cars for the common man at a time when capitalist industry is concentrating on brutal rearmament."

While Middle-East tensions were erupting in a blast of gunfire (see **FOREIGN NEWS**), honeymooning **King Farouk** of Egypt dealt firmly with a tense situation of his own. In Lugano, Switzerland, a photographer snapped his picture. When the pudgy monarch protested, local policemen seized the film. Higher-ranking police, who later ordered the film returned, explained: "Switzerland is a free country." Said Farouk: "I will never return to Switzerland again." Then he and his entourage of 50 flounced off to Italy.

Over the dour objection of six thrifty Scots members, who wanted to slice the amount by half, the House of Commons voted to give **Princess Margaret** an annual pocket-money allowance of \$16,800.

Senator **Charles W. Tobey**, 71, Bible-quoting gadfly of the underworld, got doctor's orders to stay home in Temple, N.H. and take it easy. Said Mrs. Tobey: "He's been overdoing it for two years. He's been doing the work of a dozen men."

On Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats, veteran Racing Driver **Ab Jenkins** warmed up his old Mormon Meteor, which has carried



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Eight years times five kids equal 40 candies.

him to world records at every distance from 50 kilometers (at 172.92 m.p.h.) to 1,000 miles (at 172.8 m.p.h.), for a last fling at some new records. On the twelfth lap around the twelve-mile course, hitting 200 m.p.h., the Meteor skidded and mowed down a line of wooden markers before Jenkins could straighten out. As the car began to heat up and smoke, because of a punctured radiator hose line, Jenkins braked to a stop and jumped to safety. He had chalked up 24 new records, including 196.69 m.p.h. for 25 miles. Looking sadly at his smoking racer, Ab announced that he was through with fast driving. "At 63, I've outworn the car."

Footlights & Klieg Lights

Columnist **Hedda Hopper** thought it was high time Hollywood stopped trying to make its stars look like just folks, and began marketing some of the oldtime glamour. Said she: "You can't pick up a magazine without seeing pictures of your favorite star marketing . . . washing dishes, hanging out diapers, changing babies. If they haven't got a baby they romp with a dog . . . You never saw **Valentino** holding a child; but you saw him with a beautiful babe on his arm. **Jack Barrymore** never posed for a life-with-father layout. Have you ever seen a picture of **Garbo** hanging out wet wash?"

While lawyers were holding transatlantic conferences over her divorce demands from **Aly Khan**, **Rita Hayworth** turned working girl again (at \$252,000 a year plus 25% of the net profit on her pictures) and checked into Columbia studio for her first chore: five hours of color-camera posing for magazine covers.

For the critics who disliked his recent London production of *Hamlet* with a Freudian interpretation (which he kept) and a Vandike beard (which he shaved off after ten performances), **Alec Guinness** explained some of his ideas on staging in

the *Spectator*: "The setting, a formal and rather bleak affair, I take full responsibility for. It was partly the result of reaction against permanent, semi-permanent and realistic sets in Shakespeare, and, above all, a stubborn dislike of the rostrum. Rostrums, apart from cluttering up the stage, tend to produce a one-foot-up, one-foot-down sort of acting which I find peculiarly dispiriting. I have very few conversations on the stairs in my own house."

Parties & Pals

At a Hollywood première (rhymes, in Hollywood, with "come 'ere"), photographers snapped a happy hand-in-hand pair: Crooner **Frank Sinatra** and Cinemactress **Ava Gardner**. It was their first appearance together in the movie colony. Now that his wife has agreed to give him a divorce, Frank explained, it was perfectly all right. Said he: "It gives me great pleasure and pride to be able to escort Ava to a public première. I've cared for her a long, long time, almost a year and a half."

In Paris, **Barbara Hutton**, who was refused a Mexican divorce from fourth husband Prince **Igor Troubetzkoy** three months ago, got glad news from Cuernavaca. After a private session with her lawyer, a judge had decided that the divorce was in order after all. "It was sad, but it had to happen," said Barbara, whose prince had tentatively suggested \$3,000,000 as the price of freedom. "What can one expect from life? It's cruel and there is very little real romantic love left."

In Buenos Aires, **Maria Ester**, **Maria Fernanda**, **Maria Cristina**, **Carlos Alberto** and **Franco Jr.**, the Diligent quintuplets, dressed up in their party best, joined playmates in giggling at a clown, puffed out 40 candles on a huge cake, then posed for a eighth-birthday picture.

* Maria Ester, Carlos, Maria Fernanda, Franco, Maria Cristina.



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no sticky comb, no messy hands.

RELIGION

How to Spell Universal

"All this is preposterous," boomed Academician Eugenio d'Ors. "We have to draw the line somewhere."

The 74-year-old patriarch of Spanish art critics limped scornfully out of Madrid's baroque Crystal Palace. What shocked him, and many another Spaniard, was an exhibit of religious art from Roman Catholic mission fields. Traditionalist Spaniards looked with anger upon the freedom with which the faraway artists had rendered scantily clad Virgins, Chinese Holy Families, Indian Gods squatting Buddha-like—all dominated by a huge statue of Christ dressed as a *sannyasi* (Hindu ascetic) renouncing this world.

Part of the work was shown at the Vatican itself last summer (TIME, Aug. 14) and caused no such furor. But in the three weeks since Academician d'Ors' exit, Madrid's art critics and Catholic intellectuals have loudly locked horns over the propriety, if not the morality, of the whole idea.

In his column in Madrid's *Arriba*, Critic d'Ors led off for the conservatives: "How can we conceive of Jesus disguised as a *sannyasi* floating on a lotus lily, symbolizing renunciation of the world He came to save? ... or the Conception as an almondy-bearded beauty scantily clad in a sari? ... The Church universally is based on unity of language, prayer and iconography."

Jesuit Father Hernandez Heras, organizer of the exhibit, picked up d'Ors' idea of universalism and sailed it back. Could he accept "the Herculean forms of a prize-fighter that Michelangelo gave God in the Sistine Chapel ... the fat Flemish women Rubens painted as Virgins?" Heras, who teaches at St. Xavier's College, Bombay, thought some of the Indian types were "nearer to the Judean type of Jesus and the Holy Family than our classic figures."

Neutrals tried to calm down the dispute. Said a popular radio priest, Oblate Father Venancio Marcos: "It really is only an art question ... Beauty in art is always near to God." The controversy blazed on just the same.

A Word for Wonder

For Christian philosophers who still rely on strict, logical proofs of the existence of God, a British Jesuit has a bit of advice: save your breath. Says Father Vincent Turner in an article in Britain's highbrow Roman Catholic quarterly, the *Dublin Review*: "Traditional theistic argument no longer cuts any ice."

The reason: philosophers no longer have a common ground for argument. "Fifty years ago, your characteristic atheist ... was as clear as you were about what it was he denying when he said there was no God and what you were asserting when you said there was. Now ... the bite of argument is gone; and the atheist or skeptic will say, 'I don't know what you are talking about. You are asking questions that need not be asked ...'"



THE NATIVITY (CHINESE VERSION)
Local color influenced Rubens, too.

Against this passive resistance, the "theistic philosopher" has a tough row to hoe. His argument is not scientific, and it depends on a very intangible premise—"it is more like the reading of signs in a certain light." This premise Father Turner calls "a sense of contingency," i.e., some vague recognition, however arrived at, of man's "creatureliness"—his dependence on a higher cause or authority.

Without this sense of contingency, "there isn't any springboard for theistic metaphysics." ... After all, how would one expect [traditional metaphysics] to soften up a monolithic materialist like H. G. Wells, or an anti-humanist like Picasso, or a happy naturalist like British Cosmologist Fred Hoyle?

"I doubt if we can ever formally disprove an atheist, still less a consistent sceptical interpretation and outlook; in the end we find ourselves acting like ... two people who disagreed about a painting, where the one said, 'That's beautiful,' and the other said, 'I don't see it.' ... We think him blind, whereas he thinks us credulous ... and what we call doing justice to the facts he calls the grip on us of settled routines or inertia ..."

Father Turner thinks the answer to this impasse is not to out-argue the skeptics, but to inspire them. "We are suffering not from too much logic, but from too little contemplation ... Aristotle thought that philosophizing started out from wonder ... I suspect that [modern] logical theories take the direction that they do because ... wonder ... is no longer there."

* A position stated in the extreme by another English churchman, St. Anselm of Canterbury (1033-1109), who coined the famous saying, "I believe, in order that I may understand."

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A straight path through the bush.

Under the Prayer Tree

Rancher Joe Evans got his religion in an American frontier home where a Bible and a rifle were the two indispensable items of furniture. His rancher father and his mother were devout Baptists, and father fought his share of Indians. In 1890, when Joe was nine, his parents helped found a series of outdoor camp meetings which are still held in West Texas. Joe watched hell-raising Jeff Davis County become law-abiding to the point where the grand jury, eleven years running, could find nobody to indict.

When Joe Evans expanded his holdings westward, he noticed that New Mexico had the same religious problems as West Texas—the range country was too sparsely settled to support regular churches—and that there were no camp meetings to fill the void. In 1939, he took the problems to the Rev. Everett King, then secretary of the Northern Presbyterian's National Missions board. King was fascinated. "This is perfect," he said. "You know the ranchers and have the camp-meeting experience, but you have no equipment. We have the equipment, but don't know much about organizing camp meetings."

Rain on the Mesa. Baptist Evans worked out his plan with King and two Presbyterian missionaries from New Mexico, the Rev. Ralph Hall and the Rev. Roger Sherman. Says Evans of their first planning session: "We spent half that morning on our knees, praying to God for the wisdom we needed. When we got up off our knees, we knew where we were going."

A few months later, 128 ranch folk went up to the top of Nogal Mesa, a high (7,000 ft.) tableland in Lincoln National Forest, for their first camp meeting. A violent rain storm, which came up soon after the services started, almost swept the meeting away. But the ranchers liked

the camp-meeting idea. Joe Evans and his Presbyterian friends decided to hold a meeting every year at Nogal Mesa—and to spread to other states. Since then they have set up similar meetings in Arizona, Texas, Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota. Each summer, in two trucks containing tents, hymnbooks and other equipment, they travel a sweeping circuit of 7,000 miles.

All meetings are rigorously non-sectarian. To avoid any hint of denominationalism, preaching ministers are introduced simply as "Brother." Says Co-Founder Hall: "Our purpose is not to glorify any particular individual, or any denomination, but to glorify God and Jesus Christ."

Fresh Pasture. Last week, 1,000-odd people in dust-covered cars drove up a dirt road in Lincoln Forest for the annual meeting at Nogal Mesa. Four times a day they filled the rough pine tabernacle (which ranchers built themselves two years ago) to pray and listen to Brother Hoyt Boles, a hefty, plain-spoken Presbyterian from Denton, Texas, and Brother Bob Goodrich, a Methodist from Dallas. There was no shouting or breast-beating. Even conversions came quietly, with only the exchange of a firm handshake between minister and convert.

Every afternoon after services, groups of cowhands and ranchmen sat around whittling under the "Prayer Tree," a stately juniper that towers over Nogal Mesa's stunted piñon and cactus. There, with no clerical coaching allowed, they talked out their ideas on practical religion.

Said one ranch owner: "I'm afraid that my children have learned to cuss from their daddy. I'm as bad as the cow that leads her calves a crooked path through the bush. From now on that path's going to be straight." "You know," another grinned, "all of us coming out here reminds me of a bunch of hungry cattle being turned out into fresh pasture."

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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Bridgeport, Conn. Post:

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Double Dose

Hearst newspaper editors give no news more loving care than the "special" stories about the Hearst family circle which come out of Los Angeles. One day this week, Hearst editors had their hands full finding space for an unexpected double dose of such "must gos." In the New York *Journal-American*, one long story told about the award of a Navy gold medal to Publisher Hearst—"to accompany the Distinguished Public Service Award... presented to him in March 1948."

On another page was a "special" which brought Hearst Favorite Marion Davies back into the headlines. The 800 words written by the Los Angeles *Examiner's* society columnist, "Cholly Angeleno," recounted in detail how "the beautiful film star" (now 51) was appointed "honorary commanding officer of the U.S.S. *Manchester*" by the cruiser's officers, "the first time anyone has ever been made honorary commanding officer in the Navy." The award was made at a "gala soiree" in "Miss Davies' spacious home" in Beverly Hills. On the guest list was William Randolph Hearst Sr., himself. But at an ailing 88, he stayed in his upstairs bedroom throughout the party.

Get Up & Go

Flood stories are nothing new in the Midwestern flatlands, and most seasoned editors are old hands at covering them. But last week, as the crest of the area's costliest flood (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) swept down the Missouri to the Mississippi, the big job for many editors was not merely to report the flood; it was to find ways to print papers in flooded plants and get them distributed.

The Ottawa, Kans. *Daily Herald* (circ. 6,104) was just starting its afternoon press run when the flood waters from the Kaw River began lapping at its doors. In the basement, pressmen rigged a block & tackle to hoist the electric press motor above the water, finally gave up the race when the flood kept coming. Then the *Herald* staff waded waist-deep out of the shop to set up an airplane shuttle service between Ottawa and a printing plant in Chanute, 80 miles away. The *Herald* didn't miss an edition.

In Manhattan, the *Mercury-Chronicle* (circ. 5,445) staff trundled eight-page forms out of the building through four feet of water, set up temporary quarters a mile away at Kansas State College. There they joined with the *Kansas State Collegian* (circ. 8,376) and the rival *Manhattan Tribune-News* (circ. 3,365) in a joint flood edition. The *Iola Register* (circ. 4,435) went to press with a farm tractor harnessed to the presses for power.

Ink & Water. The biggest burden fell on the Kansas City *Star* and *Times*, which have the biggest circulation (*Times*: 353,836; *Star*: 363,127) through the Kansas and Missouri rural areas. The *Star-Times* offices were high & dry in mid-city, but Publisher Roy Roberts woke up one morning to find that his ink supply was under 14 feet of water in Kansas City's flooded industrial district. By bringing ink in trucks and tank cars from St. Louis and Philadelphia, he kept the presses rolling.

The *Star-Times's* 48-man staff worked around the clock on the big story. When the *Star* needed a detail map to show the destruction of the industrial district, Cub Reporter Bob Beason went into the water and waded and swam from building to building to assess damage. Reporter Bill



Charles Brenneke

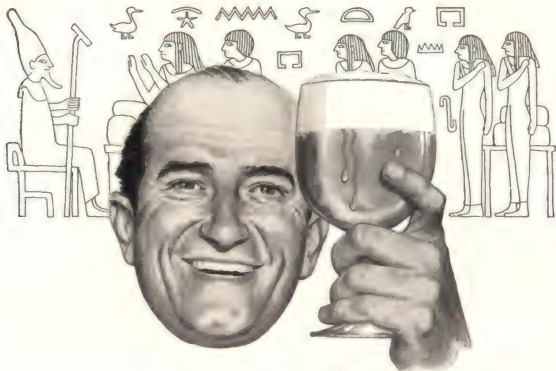
CIRCULATOR DASHBACH

Vaccine with the morning's papers.

Blair and Photographer Bob Youker persuaded a passing Army amphibious truck to ferry them about, were arrested for their enterprise; their soldier-chauffeur and truck were AWOL from Fort Leavenworth.

While Reporter Bernard Turnbull was out on a pre-dawn flood assignment, he missed a bit of news at home: his house was flooded to the eaves and his 21-year-old son was rescued by boat from the roof.

Planes & Boats. But the *Star's* biggest job, getting the bulky bundles of papers out to the customers once they were printed, fell to Circulation Manager Hugh Dashbach, 62, who has been delivering the paper since he was 14 years old. Days before the high water, he had foresseen trouble, had lined up trucks, airplanes, wagons and a small flotilla of boats to get the papers through, over and around the floods. Sample detour: the truck to Manhattan—120 miles away—traveled



The Brewers uncovered a new wrinkle in an old, old science

THE ancient amber brew, you might call it. Brewing was a familiar art at least 5500 years ago by archeological record, and probably for many centuries before that.

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To carry papers into Chanute, a plane met *Star-Times* delivery trucks on one side of the impassable Neosho River and ferried papers to a landing strip on the other side. When the Osborn Clinic and Hospital at Colony, Kans. ran short of typhoid vaccine, it asked a Kansas City hospital to send a new supply via the *Star-Times* carrier. The supply arrived with the next morning's *Times*.

At week's end, a subscriber in Lawrence, Kans. wrote the *Star* what many readers felt: "Lawrence has been without train, bus, air and mail service because of the big flood, but it hasn't been without regular delivery of the *Star* and the *Times*. The mighty U.S. hasn't got the get-up-&-go of a newspaper in taking care of its responsibilities."

On the Record

At the espionage trial of Associated Pressman William Oatis, the bits of evidence the Czechs let out seemed to prove that the charge of "spying" was nothing more than routine diligent news reporting. Last week a transcript of the trial, received by the State Department, proved the point conclusively. In fact, State Department officials were surprised that Reporter Oatis, on the stand after 71 days of Communist imprisonment and interrogation, was able to make his case so clear.

As a sample of the "espionage" charged by the prosecution, State cited some of Oatis' testimony regarding former Czech Minister Vladimir Clementis, whose disappearance last winter (he was secretly arrested) was a Page One news story.

Q. What steps did you take [to find out about Clementis]?

A. . . . I went to the American embassy and got . . . the address of Clementis' apartment. Then I went back to the office and got Svoboda and Wojdinek (two A.P. staffers convicted with Oatis) to go with me.

Q. Why did you take these two with you?

A. Because they could speak Czech.

Q. What did you three do?

A. We were investigating that Clementis was not in his apartment. We learned that he was not there and that security measures had been taken.

Q. What did you do with this information?

A. I sent the news to London.

Q. Did you try to find out where Clementis was interned?

A. Yes.

Q. Your employers . . . were interested?

A. They were highly interested.

So carefully was the trial set to railroad Oatis, observers reported, that a well-rehearsed court translator once got ahead of the prosecution witness whose words he was interpreting. This week the Czechs spurned the State Department's request for the immediate release of Oatis. But State had still made no move of reprisal against imports from Czechoslovakia, or Czech correspondents and diplomatic officials in the U.S.

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THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

Two on the Aisle (music by Jule Styne; lyrics and sketches by Betty Comden & Adolph Green; produced by Arthur Lesser) can smile gratefully at its stars, Bert Lahr and Dolores Gray. Lahr remains among the best of the oldtime funnymen, and there are virtually no new ones. He has a nice comic face, he can make nice comic faces. He has a showman's sixth sense; his antics have authority. Best of all, he can lose his head splendidly when all about him are stodgily keeping their space. As Captain Universe, leading the Space Patrol in a piece of stupendous interplanetary science fiction, as



Graphic House
DOLORES GRAY & BERT LAHR
A head splendidly lost.

Wagner's—or not quite Wagner's—Siegfried, as T. S. Eliot's—or not quite T. S. Eliot's—"close friend" of the family, Lahr is always happily himself.

Dolores Gray, back on Broadway after wowing London for three years in *Annie Get Your Gun*, is a good showman too, and a very fetching singer. With a voice as hearable as it is husky, she rolls out *Give a Little, Get a Little Love*, rat-tat-tats the lyrics of a crisp patter song, *If You Hadn't, but You Did*.

Mr. Lahr and Miss Gray can smile a trifle sadly at *Two on the Aisle*. Its skits are the show's main virtue, and even some of them should work shorter hours. But Sketch Writers Comden & Green (*On the Town*) have really satiric minds, and at their best are very funny. Elliott Reid is funny, too, in a take-off of the Kefauver committee hearings. The music is all too thin, however: the dances are dullish, the production numbers mostly colorless. But thanks to its stars, a rather negligible revue still manages to be a very pleasant evening in the theater.

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Endless Frontier

"Information for Settlers," says the sign over a door of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation headquarters in fast-growing little Ephrata, Wash. (1950 pop. 4,584). The word settlers, as used there, is no nostalgic recall of old frontier days. Inside the door sit the 1951 settlers themselves, sun-weathered men & women who have come to Ephrata in search of a new frontier—the irrigated farmland created out of sagebrush desert by Grand Coulee Dam. They ask sober, practical questions, but in their eyes glows the same high excitement that built the U.S. The bureau believes that they are only forerunners of millions or tens of millions who can be given farms and homes in what is now desert.

The new frontier has new sounds; the hum and roar and clatter of powerful machines; for the sagebrush country around

Ephrata was not readymade for man. It was made ready for man by spectacular engineering, and now men are moving in. More than a million acres are being prepared for the settlers, land so productive that 50 acres or less will support a family comfortably.

New Province. As soon as the settlers are in, the whole parade of U.S. life will march in behind them. The villages in the sagebrush will grow into fair-sized towns. They will need houses, stores, schools, churches and skilled workers. The U.S. will gain not merely new farmland; it will add a whole new province as productive as one of the lesser states.

This is only a sample, says the Bureau of Reclamation, of what its new machines, methods and concepts can do for desert country. Encouraged by recent successes, irrigation experts are now convinced that the rapidly growing U.S. can expand almost indefinitely within its present boundaries. West of the Rockies alone, they believe, 50 million acres can be watered into life. This would be like adding to the U.S. a new country comparable in agricultural productivity to France or prewar Germany.

New Tricks. The bureau's early projects were dams that watered lands downstream through canals flowing by gravity. Such "gravity sites" are almost gone, so the bureau has developed new tricks. Last week three of its greatest projects were close to completion. Each of them has a different trick for making rivers behave, and the three tricks combined form the engineering strategy that can give the U.S. new frontiers in the arid parts of the West.

Grand Coulee Dam is the biggest dam

anywhere. Viewed from the gorge below, it looks like the biggest thing on earth. Over its spillway, 1,650 feet wide, the great Columbia River sweeps majestically, a curve of green water up to 17 feet thick. It falls so far (320 feet, twice the height of Niagara) that it seems to fall slowly. The roar of the falling water, though loud, is as smooth as the sound of surf on a distant beach.

Viewed from the canyon's high rim, the dam looks too small to create, as it will, a patch of mottled green land nearly as big as Connecticut. But all modern irrigation dams look small when compared with what they do. They accomplish their ends by geographical judo, playing on the weaknesses of their rivers.

The weakness of the Columbia dates from the ice age, when a glacier blocked its deep canyon and forced it to cut a new channel. The river returned to its old bed after the glacier retreated, but the temporary channel (the Grand Coulee) is still there, a spectacular, steep-walled dry valley that leads to a cluster of level, irrigable plains.

Displaced River. A dam high enough (more than 600 feet) to turn the Columbia directly into the Coulee would have backed the water far into Canada. So the dam was built to raise the water level about 350 feet. A small part of the electric power that its turbines generate is used to pump part of the river the rest of the way (280 feet) and spill it into the Coulee. This turbine-pump combination, using a river's energy to raise part of its water over its own high banks, is the key engineering trick that frees irrigation from gravity. Its efficiency is about 80%, i.e., one cubic foot of water falling 100 feet generates enough electricity to pump another cubic foot 80 feet above the reservoir.

Eventually Grand Coulee will have twelve pumps, housed in a long, tall room with the proportions of a cathedral nave. Two are already installed, driven by the most powerful (65,000 h.p.) motors in the world. Each can pump enough water (one billion gallons a day) to meet the needs of New York City. All twelve pumps together will lift 16,000 cubic feet per second—close to the average flow of the Colorado River.

Displaced Rattlers. Last week one pump was running, slowly filling a 27-mile lake in the desert-bottomed Coulee. As the water advances, it pushes ahead of it a wave of displaced rattlesnakes. One bureau man killed 51 in a morning.

When the water has filled the lake, it will creep through branching canals that lace like arteries through the plains. It is mournful country now, far more depressing than self-respecting desert. In rainy years, some parts of it produce a fair crop of wheat; successive waves of settlers have tried to make a go of wheat farming. Nearly all have failed and fled. Their houses stand empty, surrounded by grey-green sagebrush, symbols of desolation.

The present wave of settlers, the bureau is sure, will not fail. Next spring, Grand Coulee's water will ripple down the ditches, bringing dependable "rain" to 87,000



acres. Each year thereafter, more blocks of land will get water, until the whole million acres have turned green.

Moist Magic. It will be very green, for irrigated land outproduces most land that is only "sky-watered." Desert soil has not been leached by heavy rain of its soluble plant nutrients. The sunlight keeps plants awake and growing. Most important of all, a skilled irrigator can give his plants just the right amount of water. Natural rainfall seldom does this; most seasons have wet or dry spells that check plant growth.

Out in the sagebrush, the bureau's experimental farms, now watered from pumped wells, look like green postage stamps pasted on brown paper. One acre of their pasture supports three head of cattle. The bureau's farmers have harvested 160 bushels of grain sorghum per acre, five tons of alfalfa hay, 32 tons of sugar beets. The U.S. average is 23.1 bushels of sorghum per acre, 2.23 tons of alfalfa, 14.8 tons of beets. Figures like these excite the settlers, who clamor for many times as much land as can be watered next season.

Family Farms. If the Bureau of Reclamation has its way, the settlers will not be fleeced by land speculators. Large landowners will not be forced to sell, but if they want the bureau's water (financed by U.S. taxpayers) on their almost worthless dry land, they must "join the project." Then each may have water for, at most, 160 acres, provided that they sell the rest of their land at the appraised dry-land price, about \$7.50 per acre. This is the price that the settlers will pay, and they may not resell at a higher price for five years.

The bureau's experts will divide the land into "farm units" (40 to 160 acres according to the quality of the soil) big enough to support a family comfortably. No buyer may have water for more than one unit. If Congress continues this policy,* the bureau hopes to see the whole area divided into prosperous one-family farms, with none of the gang-worked "factories-in-the-field" so conspicuous in other irrigated parts of the West.

Water Exchange. A great new project in California illustrates another new trick: "water exchange." California's Central Valley, 500 miles long and 100 miles wide, is one of the world's prize chunks of real estate. When irrigated properly, its rich, level land produces exuberant yields. But the southern part, the San Joaquin watershed, has two-thirds of the irrigable land and only one-third of the water. The northern part, the Sacramento watershed, gets more rain. It has one-third of the land and two-thirds of the water. So San Joaquin is chronically strapped for water, while floods roll down the Sacramento every spring and go to waste in the Pacific.

It would be possible to lead Sacramento



SETTLERS WAITING TO BUY FARMS (BY LOT) AT EPHIRATA, WASH.
In their eyes, the glow that built a nation.

water directly to thirsty Bakersfield at the distant southern end of the Central Valley, but there is an easier way. If farmers on the lower San Joaquin are given Sacramento water, they will not need the San Joaquin water that they use now. Then the main flow of the San Joaquin can be diverted well upstream and used as far south as Bakersfield. This is "water exchange."

Moving the Rain. Shasta Dam, second highest in the world, now blocks the upper waters of the Sacramento, storing 4,500,000 acre-feet* of water. During the almost rainless summers, this water will be fed into the Sacramento. When it reaches the delta where the Sacramento and the San Joaquin join, it will be led across the lowlands to a pumping plant at Tracy, in the foothills of the Coast Range. There it will get a boost from six huge pumps to lift it 200 feet into a canal. The pumps run on power from Shasta Dam. At Tracy, as at Grand Coulee, a river is made to raise part of itself above its own bed.

From Tracy, the boosted Sacramento water will wind south 117 miles and spill into the San Joaquin at Mendota Pool. Then it will run down the San Joaquin, irrigating downstream lands. The payoff comes at the extreme southern end of the Central Valley. Friant Dam will divert San Joaquin water that would otherwise be needed downstream and send it through a 153-mile canal to drought-plagued Bakersfield. No Sacramento water will actually get to Bakersfield, but the effect will be just the same. As the bureau men put it: "The rain will move 500 miles south."

"Rain" to the Rescue. The "rain" will come none too soon: the project is a rescue job. Californians have long been cultivating more land than their local rivers can irrigate. In years of low water yield,

hundreds of thousands of acres revert to desert.

Next month a full-dress celebration will greet the Sacramento water as it marches south, but desperate farmers are already using the trickles raised to test the pumps. Next year many of them will see the end of their water troubles. The bureau figures that the Sacramento water will bring 500,000 desert acres under cultivation and give crop-saving supplemental water to 500,000 acres more.

Water Export. Such water exchanges will be used in many future projects, but the bureau believes that an even more radical trick, "water export," will have to be used before the rivers of the West can do their full duty.

Rivers, the experts say, fall into two classes: 1) those with more water than can be used profitably in their own basins, and 2) those with more irrigable land than the river can water. Obviously, water should be exported from basins with a water surplus.

One big project, now partly in operation, already exports water from one basin to another. Within the state of Colorado, the Colorado River is a "surplus" stream. The parched states lower down the river could use more of its flow, but by interstate agreement Colorado is entitled to more water than it can use in its share of the Colorado watershed. So the Bureau of Reclamation has built a complex system of dams, reservoirs, pumps and tunnels to lead part of the upper Colorado through the Rockies and spill it down the eastern slope near Denver.

Through the Tunnel. Granby Dam catches some 450,000 acre-feet of the Colorado's water. A pumping station (18,000 h.p.) lifts it 181 feet and pushes it under the snow-capped Continental Divide, 12,000 feet high, through a tunnel 13 miles long. When the water finally reaches the edge of the dry Great Plains,

* The policy of favoring family-size farms dates from the Homestead Act of 1862 (President Abraham Lincoln) and was reaffirmed in the Reclamation Act of 1902 (President Theodore Roosevelt).

* An acre-foot equals 43,560 cubic feet of water, enough to cover one acre one foot deep.

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it gives supplemental irrigation to 600,000 acres of scantily watered land. Water export of this sort, the bureau believes, can be used in many parts of the West to make water-rich basins help water-poor ones.

Some years ago the bureau's top strategists began to study the western half of the U.S. as a hydrographic whole. What they saw was not novel, but as viewed in their recently raised sights it took on new importance. A project that had been a dream is now a real possibility; to bring the water of Oregon into the dry Southwest.

Across the Pacific Coast at the latitude of San Francisco runs a natural boundary (see map) that does not show on any ordinary map. Northwest of it, the country gets more water than it needs and the coastal mountains are clothed with dripping evergreens. Short, steep rivers gush like fire hoses. South of the boundary, the country changes abruptly. The forests dwindle and thin out; the rivers are poor, weak things that usually go dry in summer.

That sharp hydrographic boundary between the rain and the desert looks to the bureau's engineers like the most important fact about the Western U.S. They long to punch a hole and let the water of Oregon flow south through graceful canals. In 1948, the bureau got congressional authority to make a "preliminary reconnaissance," which has now produced a fat printed report packed with figures, maps and diagrams. It has not been made public, probably because California is afraid of the effect the report may have on its struggle with Arizona for the last dribbles of water in the lower Colorado River; it may point out too clearly that California can always draw on the water of the northern rain country, while Arizona's future growth must come from the Colorado. The report itself pays no attention to political bickering. With scientific detachment, it estimates what the new tools of irrigation engineering could do with (as a starter) the Klamath River, which rises in Oregon and enters the Pacific just south of California's northern boundary.

Under the Bully Choops. The Klamath does not look like much on a map, but its annual flow is 10 million acre-feet, about equal to one of the poorer years of the Colorado. According to one plan, an 813-ft. dam at Ah Pah, near the mouth of the tributary, the Trinity. A tunnel 60 miles long under the Bully Choop Mountains will export 6,000,000 acre-feet into the Sacramento. After getting a boost from a battery of pumps, the water will follow a canal to Bakersfield. Then another tunnel under the Tehachapi Mountains will take it to Los Angeles, and to needy areas from Santa Barbara to San Diego.

Three water exchanges will spread the benefit of the Klamath water. About 200,000 acre-feet of it can take care of farmers with claims on the American River. Then some of the American's upper tributaries can be used for irrigation in bone-dry Nevada.

Near Los Angeles the Klamath water

can replace 300,000 acre-feet now drawn from the Owens Valley. Then the Owens water can be turned into the flat and potentially fertile Mojave Desert. The biggest exchange will be with the Colorado, for Klamath water can replace one million acre-feet of Colorado water now consumed by Los Angeles, and this could be used in Arizona. Part of it might be diverted from a Colorado tributary, the San Juan, and turned into the Rio Grande watershed for desperately water-short New Mexico. It might be exported to eastern Colorado, or to the Bonneville Basin around Great Salt Lake, where the growing industries of Utah are screaming for water. Thus the abundant flow of the Klamath could bring new life to dry lands more than 1,000 miles away.

Defense for 20 Days. The Klamath has been studied in detail; its total cost would be \$3½ billion, less than the defense cost of 20 days of the cold war as it is planned for 1952. In return, the U.S. would get at least 2,000,000 acres of new land, as productive agriculturally as a middle-sized state.

The Klamath is only a beginning. North of it, on the coast of Oregon, run other short, fat rivers (the Rogue, Umpqua and Smith) that could be made to flow southwest at slightly greater cost. They would yield about 6,000,000 acre-feet and bring another 2,000,000 acres into production, perhaps in the Mojave Desert or the Imperial Valley. And above this "ladder" of rivers, as the bureau men call it, lies the Columbia, the biggest prize of all. Its basin and adjacent "water surplus" areas now waste into the sea 300 million acre-feet a year. One-fifth of its flow would fill all needs of the Northwest, leaving an exportable surplus of 240 million acre-feet.

When the bureau men are asked what they would do with the Columbia, they go into engineering ecstasy only slightly tempered with apology. Few parts of the West, they say, are wholly inaccessible to the water of Oregon.

Food for 75 Million. To reach such dry areas as the Lahontan Basin of Nevada or the Mojave Desert will be a long, costly job. But the Bureau of Reclamation is forced by the nature of its job to look far ahead. It takes years of exploration, surveying and figuring to find the best course for an artificial river. More years are needed to design and build the dams and pumps. So the bureau feels that it should plan for a time perhaps 50 years hence when the growing U.S. population will really need more food and will pay as much as the cost of a small war for new land that can produce it.

Bureau men believe that eventually 50 million more acres can be irrigated west of the Rockies, and that this would feed an additional 75 million people. Even after that, there is plenty more. East of the Rockies lie large areas of semi-arid land that could increase their production mightily. It would be quite a job to pump the Mississippi into Texas and Oklahoma, but the more enthusiastic bureau men believe it could be done. "We and our contractors," they say, "enjoy pushing rivers around."



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Leisurely Style

When CBS stretches his daily television show to an hour and a half next week, Steve Allen will leave the category of the up & coming, and will join a more glamorous class: the arrived. With his regular program and his weekly hour as M.C. of *Songs for Sale* (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS radio & TV), he will be putting in 8½ hours a week before the cameras, more than anyone else in the business, including the persistent young woman of the commercials who keeps shouting, "Be Happy! Go Lucky!"

The Steve Allen Show (Mon.-Fri., 12 noon) started six months ago; since then, listeners with an aversion for the usual determined chatter shows have found welcome relief in Allen's aimless, leisurely style. A comic of the Godfrey school that grew with TV, Allen tells few set jokes, prefers the kind of cracks that grow suddenly and spontaneously out of ordinary situations. For the first five minutes of his show, he simply sits and chews over whatever happens to be on his fast-moving mind. Then he wanders around, reads (and makes appropriate cracks at) his fan mail, eats delicacies sent in by women fans, chats with members of the audience, plays the piano or other instruments, brings on guest performers, acts out "sight gags," *i.e.*, chatting with Wanda the Walking Doll, interviewing a man while slung over his back.

Allen's rise to TV stardom has been rapid. Until one year ago he was best known as a disc jockey in Los Angeles. There he built up a faithful following for his midnight radio show and, by popular demand, dispensed more chatter than records. His fans included workers in Hollywood's film industry, and, because of comments from them (Groucho Marx: "the freshest and most promising thing I've seen in radio in a long time"), CBS began to take notice.

In Manhattan, he is getting a lot of laughs, good reviews, and \$2,000 a week for playing one of the simplest (and most difficult) of roles: that of the natural, nice guy—who occasionally comes out with a funny crack.

Discs from Hong Kong

In the teashops of lower Manhattan's picturesque Chinatown, clusters of approving residents listened last week to a novel disc-jockey show, broadcast in Chinese on WHOM's FM band. The radio voice, announcing numbers, conducting interviews and reading news summaries, was that of a young (28) housewife, Louie Kang. The records, mostly imported from Hong Kong, included Westernized Chinese pop tunes (*Rose, Rose, I Love You*) as well as the high-pitched metallic native songs of the country.

WHOM, busiest foreign-language station in the U.S., has broadcast shows in 12 tongues, including Swiss-German and Ukrainian, but until this summer New



ALLEN CONDUCTING AN INTERVIEW
In Groucho's opinion, refreshing.

York's 50,000 Chinese residents had never had a regular show in their own language. The idea was dreamed up by Kang's husband, Louie Chu, proprietor of a small radio and miscellany shop on Bayard Street in Chinatown, and his friend Lyle Stuart, a novelist (*God Wears a Bow Tie*). Stuart, once on the staff of *Variety*, had friends in radio and arranged to get the program a tryout on WHOM. It was launched as a 90-minute, once-a-week show earlier this month, and went over big with its highly specialized audience; Mrs. Louie's first offer to play request numbers kept the studio phone ringing



LOUIE KANG
in the 13th language, an old formula.

constantly. By last week two sponsors had signed up, others were interested, and the partners were planning to put the program on five days a week beginning in September.

Stuart and Louie turned out the first script, and are still writing them together. After they have done a draft in English, Louie translates it to his wife, who cannot speak English, and she transcribes it into Cantonese, understood by 90% of the Chinatown people.

For Mrs. Louie, the show's expansion may mean giving up some of her quiet life as a Chinese housewife, and becoming a career girl. Her only comment on the program was like nothing ever uttered by a disc jockey before: "I hope that I can do better than I am doing now."

Dark (Screen) Future

For its new building, going up just off Broadway in Manhattan, station WOR-TV this week sealed a lead-covered, radiation-proof copper box containing predictions by New York TV critics on the future of television. The predictions, to be opened 100 years from this week, generally forecast a rosy future for the medium. But the *World-Telegram* and *Sun* Critic Harriet Van Horne took bitter exception:

"We are now in the third year of the Television Age. And our people are becoming less literate by the minute. Along with the old patterns of existence, television is destroying the old standards of culture. As old habits decline, such as reading books and thinking thoughts, TV will absorb their time.

"By the 21st Century our people doubtless will be squint-eyed, hunchbacked and fond of the dark. Conversation will be a lost art. People will simply tell each other jokes. . . . But why am I carrying on like this? Chances are that the grandchild of the Television Age won't know how to read this."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, July 27, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Invitation to Learning (Sun, 11:35 a.m., CBS). A discussion of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, by Actress Eva Le Gallienne and Critic Louis Kronenberger.

The Family Theater (Wed, 9:30 p.m., Mutual). In a play called *Rhapsody in Bop*, Jimmy Durante and June Haver drive across country in a vintage Pierce-Arrow to seek fame & fortune in Hollywood.

TELEVISION

Pilgrimage to Plymouth (Sun, 4:30 p.m., NBC). Annual Republican clam-bake at Plymouth Rock, featuring a speech by Senator Robert Taft.

Westinghouse Summer Theater (Mon, 10 p.m., CBS). C. K. Munro's comedy drama, *At Mrs. Beam's*, with Eva Gabor and Una O'Connor.

☞ Not to be confused with H. H. Munro ("Saki").

TIME, JULY 30, 1951

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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Rare Birds

Oil paintings by Naturalist John James Audubon are as rare as ivory-billed woodpeckers. Perched on easels in the White House last week were ten of the rare species, a gift to the U.S. from Australian Refrigerator Manufacturer E.J.L. Hallstrom, who wanted to show his appreciation of U.S. help to Australia in World War II. The Hallstrom Audubons traveled to Australia years ago, when a great-grandson of the painter went Down Under to raise sheep. His heirs sold them to Hallstrom.

President Truman circled the exhibit, inspected five bird paintings, drew up short before a placid brown & white bull. He was never aware, said Harry Truman pleasantly, that Audubon ever painted such a beast.

He had a right to his mild surprise. As well-versed Audubon fans know, the painter devoted his later years to an ambitious series entitled *Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America*. But Audubon did not include his brown & white bull in *Quadrupeds*. Other four-legged creatures among the Hallstrom pictures are weasels, snow rabbits, a stoat and a red fox.

One picture shows that though Audubon gave up his adventurous wanderings through the U.S. wilderness, settled on a peaceful Manhattan farm in 1842 with his long-suffering wife and children, even in captivity he kept the trigger-quick technique he used when he caught wild birds on the wing. Attached to the back of a meticulously detailed painting of a thoroughly domesticated rooster and his hens is a faded, handwritten note:



SICKERT'S "THE PERVARICATOR"
To catch his subject unaware.

"These chickens were painted by John James Audubon in one morning before one o'clock lunch, as someone visiting told him he did not believe such rapid work could be done."

Frenchman in Manhattan

Marcel Gromaire, heading up the bay on his first trip to the U.S., was bowled over last fall by the Manhattan skyline. He knew, from pictures, what it must look

like, but the pictures had not prepared him for the real thing. "Sticking out of the morning mist, it was one of the most lyrical sights I've ever seen... Everything I recognized as familiar had assumed huge, fantastic proportions." He stayed in the U.S. a month, then hurried home to Paris, while his eye was still fresh, to paint his recollections in a series of 20 oils and watercolors.

Gromaire's impressionistic Manhattan, on show in Paris last week, is an overwhelming place. His *Brooklyn Bridge* is a gigantic stone and steel hammock slung between topless towers. *Times Square at Night* is a glaring latticework of light and darkness. "The shock of Times Square was almost brutal," Gromaire says. "I have seen photos and colored prints of the 'Great White Way,' but they are empty and meaningless when compared with reality."

The pictures testify to Gromaire's neck-cracking wonder at the upward thrust of the skyscrapers. One of the best catches the silhouette of an old landmark, Trinity Church, against the spectacular escarpments of Wall Street. Says Gromaire: "Now I am completely exhausted, like a mother after childbirth. If you asked me to paint just one more picture about America, I couldn't do it." As for living and working in Manhattan, Gromaire shakes his head. "New York is astonishing, but so are the Himalayas. I wouldn't like to spend the rest of my life in the Himalayas."

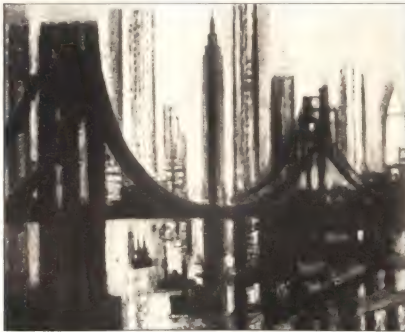
Errand Boy

When Whistler sent his famous *Artist's Mother* to the 1883 Paris Salon, his bright-eyed errand boy was 23-year-old Walter Sickert. Sickert made the trip count, took a long, penetrating look at the experiments of such French artists as Degas and Manet. Back home in London, he slowly and surely began painting himself out of his place as Whistler's first pupil into a spot as one of Britain's prime & foremost impressionists. Forty of Errand Boy Sickert's paintings on view in London last week showed how good he was.

Rumpled Beds. For his teacher's fashionable Chelsea haunts, young Sickert substituted a series of battered studio dies in north and central London. There he sketched and painted scenes of British low life with a gusto and an eye for beauty in squalor that rivaled Degas and Lautrec. Like Lautrec, he doted on the dramatic lighting and rowdy shenanigans of turn-of-the-century music halls. He also liked to paint outdoors.

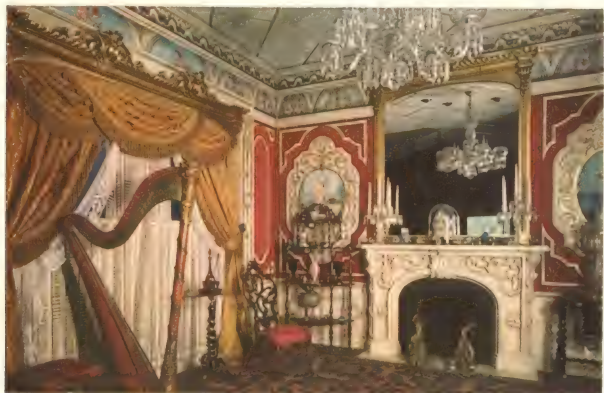
On excursions to Dieppe and Venice, he corseted the limp, nebulous, Whistlerian technique with steel-ribbed draftsmanship and an exact sense of time & place. He told his pupils: "You must be able to walk about in a picture. It should give you the sensation of something exciting happening, taking place in a box as it were, only the front of the box has been taken away so that you may look inside."

Sickert liked to paint people in action. "Start with a piece of furniture—a table, a chair or a bed. Relate your figures to



GROMAIRE'S "BROOKLYN BRIDGE"
A lyrical place to visit, but—

Gromaire-Louis Corra



CLUTTER TO CLARITY

Glass used to be prized for its ornateness and glitter; today it is important for its usefulness. These contrasting exhibits, in the 100-year-old Corning Glass Works' new museum at Corning, N.Y., show how much times have changed.

Victorians considered sparkling chandeliers the acme of drawing-room elegance, and they would have found Corning's 19th Century room, which looks cluttered to the 20th Century eye, just as artful and integrated as the modern exhibit. An expansive

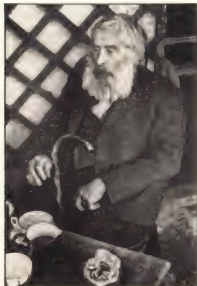
corner window, partly screened by spun-glass curtains, is the main feature of the modern room, where useless bric-a-brac has been replaced by Steuben's simple ash trays and an unconscionable quantity of crystal drinking equipment.

Heavy, cluttered Victorian interiors relentlessly submerged anything as prosaic as a human being. Their glass, like their furniture and fabrics, was designed to bemuse the eye as a Henry James novel bemuses the mind. Moderns prefer to see and be seen.

Kenneth Lawrence

this setting and let us have them doing something—making love, quarreling, misconducting themselves—as you please—but doing something.” His aim was to catch his subject unaware, “before the fizziness in his momentary mood becomes still and flat.” The fizz is still in Sickert’s best paintings: his nudes resting on the rumbled bed of his dingy studio, the Sunday afternoon dejection of the middle-aged, parlor-bound couple in *Ennui*, the ironic, over-the-shoulder glimpse of a bedroom dialogue in *The Prevaricator*.

New Style, Sickert himself kept on bubbling until the age of 82. At 72 he caused a sensation by exhibiting a portrait of George V painted from a photograph of the king in bowler and overcoat, pointing up the resemblance of the monarch to his bearded horse-trainer. At 74 he was made a Royal Academician, huffily resigned the following year because other Academy



PAINTER SICKERT*
A bearded sensation.

members failed to come to the defense of controversial Sculptor Jacob Epstein. In his last years, he changed his signature (from Walter to his middle name, Richard, because it seemed more euphonious), grew a sprawling beard and even changed his style. He painted oil versions of Victorian engravings by such artists as Cruikshank and Sir John Gilbert which were as highly colored and gay as his earlier paintings were low-keyed and grim. “It’s such a good arrangement,” he explained slyly. “Cruikshank and Gilbert do all the work and I get all the money.”

Until his death in 1942, he resisted all attempts by reverent younger artists to pigeonhole him as Britain’s “grand old man of painting.” At one of his last shows, he stood in front of an early work, exclaimed, “That’s not a Sickert! It’s much too good for a Sickert.”

* From *Photobiography*, by Cecil Beaton (see Books).

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Price of Progress

Last year the U.S. spent an average of \$213 on the education of each public school student. Local school boards paid their teachers an average salary of \$3,080. In Geneva, Switzerland, last week, Earl J. McGrath, U.S. Commissioner of Education, reported these figures to the 14th International Conference on Public Education, and added some other facts on U.S. education:

¶ The school system is suffering an alarming loss of teachers to higher-paying posts in business, industry and Government service.

¶ Teachers' training classes are disappearing from high-school programs as fast as the study of Greek.

¶ English history, industrial history and nature study are being absorbed by more general courses.

¶ The percentage of students studying "traditional" subjects (algebra, geometry, physics and Latin) decreased last year, as it has since 1915.

¶ Physical education, typewriting, general mathematics (including arithmetic) and U.S. history showed the greatest percentage of increased enrollment.

¶ Fifty new colleges set up shop last year.

Beginning of the End

For two years past, the flight jackets and faded khaki have been growing scarcer on the nation's campuses. This week, a final contingent of World War II veterans rushed to register for courses, but by Wednesday, the cut-off date, it was all over. For most of the veterans, it is now too late to begin further schooling under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

In seven years of the G.I. bill, the U.S. spent almost \$14 billion on the most ambitious educational experiment in its history. More than 8,000,000 veterans drew

\$9.7 billion in subsistence, and spent another \$4 billion on tuition, equipment and counseling at 21,000 schools. Some G.I.s took advantage of the bill without going to school; 1,830,000 men were paid for on-the-job training, and 742,000 trained on farms.

With the Korean truce talks on, official Washington has begun to plan educational adjustment for future veterans. There are already more than 30 new G.I. training bills in the legislative hopper.

Collegiate Schoolhouse

Hiwassee College, near Madisonville, Tenn. (pop. 1,480) runs a special class for U.S. veterans of World War II. Each one is at least ten years behind in his education. But last week their teachers reported that they were breezing through courses more than twice as fast as the average students in their grade. It was a record of which college and students could both be proud. Until they came to Hiwassee, some of the men were completely illiterate, none had gone past the fifth grade.

The little rural college has its share of regular G.I. students, but last February, Vice President George Cash decided there were too many veterans in the foothills of the Great Smokies who were unable to take advantage of the G.I. bill. Unfamiliar with the three Rs, most of them thought it too late to learn. A few had tackled trade schools, with no success. After getting the approval of the Veterans Administration, Hiwassee organized some elementary courses, and Cash put an announcement in the *Madisonville Democrat*. The prospective students had little contact with newspapers, but the backwoods grapevine passed the word. By the middle of this month, 21 pupils enrolled.

Now, four evenings a week, when the day's chores are done, they take off over the ridges to school. From Red Knob, five



HIWASSEE'S MRS. MURRELL (AT BLACKBOARD) & STUDENTS
In Red Knob and Short Bark, they blotted it up.

Warner Ogden



What doesn't belong in this picture?

All but **one** of the objects in this picture have something in common. They were affected directly or indirectly by the kind of products Norton and Behr-Manning make. *Can you find the stranger?*

The Shoe Repair Equipment? No! Many operations in a shoe repair shop depend on Norton and Behr-Manning abrasive products. Behr-Manning coated abrasives, for instance, are used to shape and finish heels and soles.

The Submarine? No! Hundreds of its parts depend on Norton or Behr-Manning products. Its camshafts are just one of the many diesel motor parts precision ground by Norton grinding machines and abrasive wheels.

The Greeting Card? No! Norton or Behr-Manning abrasive products are vitally important in manufactur-

ing both paper and printing presses.

Neither Is It the flying wing, the eyeglasses, the washing machine, nor the dentist's equipment.

The stranger in the picture is the bird, which does not rely on man-made products. Remember, any man-made product . . . whether of metal, wood, paper, cloth, leather, ceramics, or plastics . . . depends on abrasives, abrasive products, refractories, or grinding machines that bear such well-known trade-marks as Norton and Behr-Manning . . . world's largest manufacturers of abrasives and abrasive products.

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AMERICA MUST SEE WHAT IT'S DOING

IT'S EASY TO SEE WHEN IT'S



miles away, from Short Bark community. from Tellico Plains, where wild boar hunts are still held in the fall, they hike to the sloping green campus. In a classroom of the main college building, they sit in small groups, divided according to background and ability. Mrs. Frances Cope Murrell, the patient, even-tempered woman who does most of the teaching, moves from one group to another, coaching them through the rigors of long division, watching over their shoulders as words are scrawled on blue-lined practice paper. Their progress, she says, is amazing. "They sort of blot it up, as fast as you throw it at them."

As soon as they are ready, the new pupils get all the elementary school subjects: reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and spelling. Most of them do best in arithmetic. In geography, the usual teaching procedure is reversed. Mrs. Murrell works back toward home, beginning with the foreign place names already familiar to her fair-traveled G.I.s.

Art of Decision

How well is the U.S. college teacher carrying out his primary responsibility, i.e., teaching his students how to think? Not at all well, says Harvard Philosopher Ralph Barton Perry (Edgar Pierce Professor of Philosophy, Emeritus), in the current *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

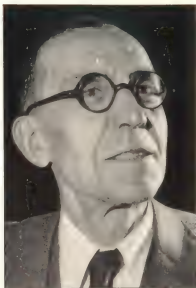
"Limited by their self-imposed code . . . 'on the one hand' and 'on the other hand' . . . teachers hesitate to teach their students how to choose among opinions, and hesitate themselves to choose." They are reluctant "to be explicit on questions of value. Social 'science' no longer embraces knowledge of the good. Values are left to personal 'attitudes,' and to tamper with these is to expose the teacher to the charge of . . . 'indoctrination' . . ."

But, says Perry, "thought is applied to action through decision . . . One cannot postpone . . . decision indefinitely . . . I suggest that there is what might be called an 'art of decision'—an act of commitment following an interval of non-commitment. The teacher should help his student to learn this art.

"First, he should practice it himself. The teacher who makes no decisions is evading the hardest part of the task. It is comparatively easy to raise doubts . . . But doubt should be regarded as the prelude to belief . . . If beliefs are demolished, they should be built again, or others in their place. If this is not done, the vacuum will be filled by authority, hearsay, or superstition.

"And then, having exhibited the art of decision, the teacher should help his students to reach their own decisions . . . This is something very different from proselytism. It is respectful of other minds; it is both scrupulous and modest. But at the same time, it is responsible. It is an attempt to be of help to those whose minds have been awakened to doubt, but are suffering from indecision through being ignorant of how to make decisions . . .

"The fact is that the honorable teacher has a creed, and cannot, if he tries, with-



Harris & Ewing

HARVARD'S PERRY

Doubt is the prelude to belief.

hold its influence . . . The rightful freedom of minds, the maxims of logic and experimental proof, of intellectual honesty, of tolerance and persuasion, are themselves values. Together with all their personal and social implications they constitute a body of indoctrination to which no objection can consistently be raised. Here, I believe, is the reconciliation of the teacher's scruples with moral and political education. Let him look to the ground on which he repudiates indoctrination. If he is against it, it is because, fundamentally, he is for something."

Telecast Campus

Since World War II, some 65 colleges have dabbled cautiously in the new medium of television. A few have operated their own transmitters, drama students have performed before the cameras, and several schools have broadcast non-credit courses for stay-at-home students. Last week in Cleveland, President John Schofi Millis of Western Reserve announced that his university was preparing an ambitious experiment. In the fall, for "the first time by any university in the country," Western Reserve will offer by television two regular courses, carrying college credits toward a degree.

Students within range of station WEWS will be able to take three credit hours of Introductory Psychology (9 to 9:30, Mon., Wed. and Fri. mornings) and two hours of Comparative European Literature since 1914 (9 to 9:30, Tues. and Thurs.). Ambitious scholars can ask questions by mail and hear them answered in a later lecture. But painless as this program of home education may seem, the finest TV receiver on the market will not eliminate the last big hurdle. Living-room collegians will have to make at least one trip to the campus to struggle through the standard classroom version of a final exam, with no coaching from audience or M.C.



BETTER LIVING The growing phenomenon of the factory out in the country . . . of homes many miles removed from a place of work is the direct result of the mass production of automobiles. A man's job no longer dictates where he shall live.

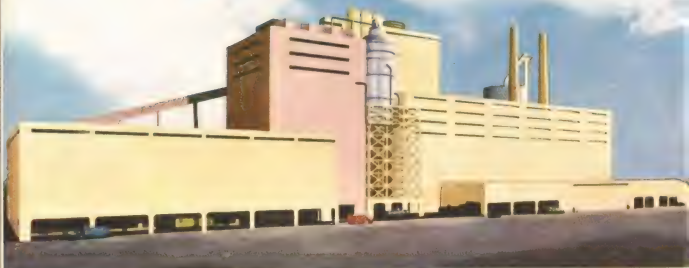
To the development of this mass production The Budd Company has brought many important contributions, including the all-steel automobile body and steel wheels for all kinds of highway vehicles.

They are articles of steel, but products of imagination. To bring them to reality, the Company's early efforts influenced the technique of rolling steel, the design of presses, the art of making stampings, the development of welding processes and the formulation of new engineering design principles.

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MUSIC

Gents Free

Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell pulled a switch on baseball's Ladies' Days. Noting that women have been outnumbering men seven to three in the Dell's summer concert audiences, officials announced that Tuesday will be Men's Day hereafter. Gents come free (except for tax) if accompanied by ticket-holding women.

Romp in the Rockies

Opera rang out loud, clear and in English in the Rockies. The scene: the 73-year-old stone opera house in Central City, Colo., nugget-size (pop. 706) old mining town 40 miles west of Denver. The musical bill consisted of a pair of breezily staged one-acters: an English version of *The Beautiful Galatea*, by 19th Century Franz von Suppé, and *Amelia Goes to the Ball*, by today's Gian-Carlo (*The Consul*) Menotti.

Thanks to music-loving tourists, including matinee crowds in shorts and shirt sleeves, the old opera house (capacity: 737) generally held more people at last week's performances than there are in the year-round population of Central City.

Galatea, the old story of Pygmalion and the beautiful statue come to life, was done in the classic style of Viennese operetta. Its star: blonde Soprano Virginia Haskins, of Manhattan's City Opera. Wearing a Grecian gown slit nearly to the hip, she romped through the score with lyric grace, fine acting and plenty of thigh. Menotti's brassy *Amelia*, with the Met's Eleanor Steber, kept up the hoyden theme. Soprano Steber's rich, gusty voice was just right for the girl who has made up her mind to go to the dance, though Steber's acting proved to be more in the statuesque old Met tradition than in Cen-

tral City's nimble one. The customers had a rollicking good time.

Central City's modern tradition goes back 19 years to a group of theater-minded Coloradans who started a play festival. In 1940, they added grand opera to the program. Except for a wartime break, it has been going ever since. Guiding spirits this year: Met Conductor Tibor Kozma. Veteran Designer Donald Oenslager. Stage Director Alfred de Liagre Jr. and House Director Elmer Nagy. By stressing bright sets, lively acting and English librettos, they hope to develop a new U.S. audience for opera.

Meanwhile, Central City doesn't mind being small and candidly experimental. The cost of producing four operas during a four-week season this year (the two one-acters plus Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*) is budgeted at \$110,000. Ticket sales will cover most of this; subscriptions and other activities (including the opera association's hotel and bar profits) should make up the rest. Last year's deficit: \$265.

The only trouble with Central City, says Director Nagy, "is that there aren't a hundred of them."

Remember the Public

Nat "King" Cole is a confident soul with an explanation of his own for his steady popularity: "You've got to be elastic and change with the public's taste."

Currently, the public's taste for a schmalzy ballad called *Too Young* has put Crooner Cole's recording at the top of the bestselling heap. It's a success, says Cole, because he sings words, not notes. "I'm an interpreter of stories, and when I perform it's like I'm just sitting down at my piano and telling fairy stories." This is just as well, for whatever his voice is, it is not.

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Mr. C. S. O., Howard City, Mich.

YOU know what Mr. C. S. O. means, don't you? It's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember—those dental plates of yours need the special care of a special denture cleanser. Don't brush them. Soak your plates in Polident every day. It's so easy and quick. And Polident soaks into every corner and crevice—places brushing never seems to reach.

NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.



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Handler Doug McClain poses *Peg O' My Heart II* after winning the highest award for Airedale Terriers at Chicago's famous International Show. Says McClain, "Peg is now a champion with ribbons to spare. She owes her winning condition to a good, dependable diet—one that contains everything a dog needs every day. That's important for your dog, too. Forget about table scraps. Choose a dog food that's complete and feed it regularly. I recommend Armour's Dash Dog Food. It's fortified with liver, the richest of all meats!" Start your dog on Dash today!

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as he is the first to admit, a true singing voice.

As Billy Eckstine once said, Cole "took a style and made a voice of it."

Cole's cozy recording of *Too Young* is backed by a lush concert orchestra, but he usually plays piano and vocalizes with his own King Cole Trio. In the Los Angeles nightclub where he is now playing, a thin overhead spotlight cuts through the smoky darkness to pick up Cole at the piano. He leans into the microphone and, breathing heavily, delivers such ballads as *Sweet Lorraine* and *Embraceable You* in a syrupy slur. By the time he finishes a set, including some fine feather-fingered piano-playing reminiscent of Earl ("Fatha") Hines, Cole's dark face is in a sweat. His audiences look & listen hard, never seem to get enough.

Cole, who was born 30-odd years ago in Montgomery, Ala., one of five children of



Murray Garnett—Graphic House
CROONER COLE
Like telling fairy stories.

a Baptist minister, has been banging piano most of his life. After his family moved to Waukegan, Ill., he began to bang out jazz Chicago-style, at 15 organized his own band. Known as the "Prince of the Ivories" (Idol Hines was "King"), Nat and his Rogues of Rhythm played dances, finally went on tour with a road show which folded in Los Angeles. There he switched to small combos, for several years was little known except to a small following of "pure jazz" fiends.

During the war, he wrote the tune that led to his tidy contract with Capitol Records: *Straighten Up and Fly Right*. He has been one of Capitol's main standbys ever since, selling 12 million records in seven years. Nat's jazz is "commercial" now, i.e., what the largest public wants to hear, instead of the old "pure" Chicago stuff. He has a ready answer for the jazz critics who deplore his switch to commercial: "Critics don't buy records—they get 'em free."



The man with 10 thumbs

"That's the third job I've botched today!"
 "It's not you, Smitty," the foreman said. "It's this terribly damp, hot weather. It raises Cain with everybody. Even the machines and gauges are off. And production is down all along the line."

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SPORT

Ins & Outs

¶ Back to the minors (Kansas City) went Yankee Outfielder Mickey Mantle, 19, once touted as 1951's rookie-of-the-year. When he got the news, Mickey was leading his team in runs-batted-in (45)—and in strike outs (52).

¶ Out to grass went Citation, the world's first million-dollar horse. His owner, Mrs. Warren Wright, announced that Big Cy will be retired to stud at Calumet Farm in Lexington, Ky. Stud fee: \$5,000.

¶ After thinking it over for a month, the University of Pennsylvania decided to be a good boy and play with its Ivy League pals. Penn, with its eye on the cashbox, had told the world it would telecast all its home football games this fall—in spite of the N.C.A.A. decision that only one game each week should be shown in each television area. Whereupon several Ivy League colleges swore they would drop Penn from their schedules.

Winner & New Champen!

Arnold Raymond Cream, who fights under the name of Jersey Joe Walcott, is a first-rate boxer, and he can hit. Many a fan who saw him fight Joe Louis in 1947 (he knocked Louis down in the first round, nearly knocked him out in the fourth) thought Jersey Joe got a raw decision then. In the 21 years he has been bouncing around the fight game, Jersey Joe has had a lot of tough breaks. In all, Joe tried four times against Joe Louis and Ezzard Charles. Last week in Pittsburgh's Forbes Field before the largest fight crowd (25,272) of the year, Jersey Joe got his last chance at the world heavyweight title.

Round One was just like the 30 others that Champion Charles and Jersey Joe had fought: undistinguished Charles won

it from overcautious Walcott. After that, everything was different. Walcott, known as a "cutie" (a hit & run fighter who upsets an opponent's timing with flurries of punches, then dances away), switched his style and went after his man. Only once did he revert to his crablike defense.

Rapid Fire. By the fifth round old Jersey Joe, 37, conserving his energy and making every blow count, had slowed down his younger (30) rival. Walcott's sneak right—the one that caught Louis—opened a gash in Charles's lip. A left cut Charles under his right eye. Another right to the jaw staggered Charles just as the bell rang. Not until the sixth round did Walcott effectively use his new trick: a head-snapping left hook. Four of them, rapid-fire, stung Charles into the bout's first real excitement, an explosive, counter-punching flurry which had Challenger Walcott backing away.

In Round Seven, with both fighters sparring cautiously in mid-ring, Walcott suddenly shot his left hook again. Neither Charles, nor 25 million viewers, saw the blow coming. The punch caught the champion flush on the jaw, felled him like a poled ox. As the referee tolled "seven," Charles tried to get up, sank back, and at "ten" was out cold.

Nobody was more surprised than Walcott himself. Back in his corner, Jersey Joe was so choked with emotion that at first he could hardly utter a word. He slid to his knees, and only his bustling, happy handlers kept him from collapsing to the canvas. But at the TV mike he recovered and delivered a muscularly religious sermon. As he later told reporters: "I've worked for 21 years for this night. I read my Bible before the fight. I prayed between every round. I asked God to help me."



Ernest Stool

CITATION (AFTER HIS LAST RACE)
Money in his genes.

"Wanna See the Boy." Then Jersey Joe Walcott, ex-longshoreman, ex-hood carrier, who spent a bitter year and a half on home relief and who lost 15 of his 64 listed fights because "hunger was my house guest," went home to Camden, N.J. to his wife and six children, the oldest man in history to win the World Heavyweight Championship.

He also went home to a triumph. Camden's mayor decreed an official Joe Walcott day, joined 100,000 Jerseyites in front of city hall, flaunting banners: "Welcome Home Champ." "Good Job, Joe." In the jostling crowd, one fan straight-armed a policeman in his effort to get near his idol, shouting: "Wanna see the boy. Close-up like. Not way back here."

Joe tried to tell the crowd how he felt, but the public-address system broke down, and only a handful of newsmen and politicians heard him say: "I made this bargain with the Lord. I told God if He'd let me do it, I'd dedicate the rest of my life and my money to Him and His works. Well, He kept his end of the bargain, and I'm ready to keep mine." Next day, Joe went to teach Sunday school at the Asbury Methodist Church in nearby Merchantville.

Kumage Comes Back

For the first time since 1937, Japanese and Americans met last week in a Davis Cup match. Playing on the composition courts of the Louisville Boat Club, the U.S. team won with the loss of only one set: it was not like the old days when Kumage and Shimizu* were playing for the Rising Sun. Non-playing Captain Ichiya ("Ichy") Kumage, now 60, remembering those better days, grinned as of old, but he was a little chagrined. Said



Associated Press

JERSEY JOE WALCOTT & FAMILY
On Sunday, a payment.

* Who is now in the import-export business in Osaka.

TIME, JULY 30, 1951



JAPAN'S KUMAGAE (1921)
Old days were better.

he: "Not good. We need more international experience. Nakano was on top of Savitt and let him off the hook. To me, that is not smart tennis."

A never-say-die competitor himself, Ichy was stretching a point. Stocky (5 ft. 5 in., 140 lbs.) Fumiteru Nakano, 36, was no match for Wimbledon Champion Dick Savitt, 24. Nakano did have Savitt on the run (five set points) in the first set, finally dropped it 7-5, then stuck grimly to the base line while Savitt pounded out the next two sets, 6-3, 6-2. Young (22) Herb Flam, the U.S.'s second-ranking player and a tireless retriever, beat the Japanese champion, Jiro Kumamaru, at his own game, the base-line duel. Flam, too, had a tough time in the first set, but won it 7-5. Playing more aggressively against his 29-year-old rival, Flam whipped through the second at love, won the third, mainly from the base line, 7-5.

In the doubles next day, the U.S. veteran (32) Bill Talbert and young (20) Tony Trabert, unbeaten over a two-year span, made short work (67 min.) of the Japanese pair of Nakano and Goro Fujikura. After breezing through the first two, 6-0, 6-2, the U.S. pair ran into trouble, trailed 1-4 in the third set, but finally won it, 10-8.

The final matches were just a formality. In stifling heat (three spectators collapsed), Trabert beat Nakano, 6-4, 7-5, 6-0; Savitt beat Kumamaru, 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 6-1. Though the Japanese did not distinguish themselves on the slow courts at Louisville, U.S. tennis fans will get a chance to see their stubborn base-line play on the faster grass of the tennis circuit (Southampton, Orange, Newport and the Nationals at Longwood and Forest Hills). And Ichy is looking ahead. He figures that in another couple of years the younger Japanese players will be on a par with the U.S.'s best.

100th Century

Few U.S. schoolboys know that Raphael wrote a century of sonnets. Fewer know or care what a century in cricket is. In cricket, a century is 100 (or more) runs scored by a batsman during a single innings. Last week England's Len Hutton, playing for Surrey, joined the select group of 13 cricketers who have made their 100th century.* When Hutton scored his 100th run, the crowd at London's Kennington Oval rose to its feet to clap. His teammates jogged across the field to shake his hand. Cricketer Hutton, 35, acknowledged the applause by lifting his cap. That's cricket.

Who Won

¶ Greentree Stable's Hall of Fame, the \$81,300 Arlington Classic, over Battledfield (by a neck) and Ruhe (by two lengths); in Chicago.

¶ Supreme Court, owned by Mrs. Thomas Lilly, the \$84,000 Festival of Britain Stakes (richest ever run in England); at Ascot.

¶ Vic Seixas (rhymes with gracious), the Pennsylvania State tennis title (his second straight tournament), over Straight Clark, 8-6, 8-6, 6-3; in Haverford, Pa. Clark reached the final by beating unheralded Whitney Reed, straight-set up-setter of U.S. Champion Art Larsen.

¶ Sweden's Davis Cup team, the final of the European Zone round, over the Philippines, 5-0; in Baastad, Sweden. Other finalist: West Germany.

¶ Harry Matthews, a leading (but bypassed) heavyweight contender (TIME, March 12 *et seq.*), in a fourth-round knockout of Dutch Culberson; in Portland, Ore.

¶ Sea Witch, a 35-ft. ketch, the 2,225-mile Los Angeles-to-Honolulu yacht race. Time: 14 days 14 hours 46 minutes.

¶ Carina, a 46-ft. yawl, the 360-mile Marblehead-to-Halifax yacht race. Time: 55 hours 14 minutes.

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

The major league leaders after 14 weeks of play:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team: Brooklyn (by 8½ games)
Pitcher: Roe, Brooklyn (13-2)
Batter: Musial, St. Louis (.371)
Runs Batted In: Snider, Brooklyn (66)
Kiner, Pirates (66)
Home Runs: Hodges, Dodgers (28)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Teams: New York (.609)
Boston (.607)
Cleveland (.607)
Pitcher: Feller, Cleveland (14-3)
Batter: Minoso, Chicago (.344)
Runs Batted In: Williams, Boston (81)
Home Runs: Zernial, Philadelphia (23)

* Surrey's Jack Hobbs set the record: 107 centuries. England's W. G. Grace scored 176, and Australia's nonpareil, Don Bradman, made 177.

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Faded & Fixed

When General Douglas MacArthur dramatically reminded Congress last April that "Old Soldiers Never Die," he set off a wild scramble in Hollywood to sew up the phrase as title for a movie (*TIME*, April 30). Twentieth Century-Fox won the registration race, and the title was assigned to a story about an infantry platoon's gallant rearguard action in Korea. Last week, with the film nearing completion, the company dropped the label as "not suitable." New title: *Fixed Bayonets*.*

Colossal Collision

In Colorado's deep-slashed Las Animas River canyon two ancient locomotives were fired up until the safety valves were blowing under a full head of steam. Five cars were hooked on to one engine, two on to the other; in addition, the locomotives carried 300 sticks of dynamite garnished with 30 lbs. of black powder. Portentously, from about a fifth of a mile apart, the panting engines began to roll slowly toward each other on the same narrow-gauge track. The engineers in the cabs pushed the throttles open, then jumped clear as the trains picked up speed. A few seconds later the canyon rocks reverberated with a thunderous blast as the iron horses collided head-on. Scrap iron hurtled against the wooden barricades which protected the five cameras grinding away from different angles. Farther off, 300 railroad and film people cheered. As any small boy could understand, there may be something richly satisfying in the spectacle of two monsters bashing hell out of each other.

Thus, last week, the film industry recorded its first no-fake train collision, the supercolossal climax of Paramount's old-time rail saga called *The Denver and Rio Grande*. The D. & R.G. itself donated the equipment, due for scrapping. Producer Nat Holt staged the wreck as a fictional incident of the railroad's struggle with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe some 70 years ago, to push the first railway track through Colorado's Royal Gorge. Producer Holt had only one misgiving about his \$165,000 real thing: "It looks so good, people will probably think it was staged with miniatures."

The New Pictures

The Law and the Lady (M-G-M) is the third movie version of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, Frederick Lonsdale's 1925 stage comedy of larceny in the drawing room. Inspired by the time-tested Hollywood axiom, "if at first you succeed, try, try again," the latest cinemadaptation comes off well enough to suggest that even now movie-goers may not be seeing the last of Mrs. Cheyney.

4 Not to be confused with *Fix Bayonets*, 1926's bestselling collection of World War I sketches and short stories by the late Colonel John W. Thomason Jr., U.S.M.C.

Though the producers have changed the locale, period and much of the plot, it is still the amusing story of a pair of elegant swindlers preying on a group of social snobs who turn out to be just as fraudulent, in their own way, as the crooks. The culprits team up in Victorian London, where one is the perfect lady's maid (Greer Garson), the other a scampish, penniless aristocrat (Michael Wilding). Moving on to gullible San Francisco, where wealthy climbers are eager to fawn on English nobility, the maid passes for a marchioness and the blue blood for the perfect butler. Their plans go awry, and the comedy shifts from drawing room to bedroom, when Lady Greer arouses the ardor



GARSON & WILDING
Bright, brittle and bewigged.

of a hot-blooded California aristocrat (Fernando Lamas) at a weekend party.

In its last reel or two, *The Law and the Lady* falters under the weight of romantic complications that Hollywood has piled on the Lonsdale original. Until then, however, it breezes along pleasantly. The lines are bright, the style brittle. Actor Wilding and Actress Garson (unaccountably wearing a black wig) make a suave and charming pair of scoundrels.

Dear Brut (Paramount). First came 1947's *Dear Ruth*, a comedy hit; then came the sequel, 1949's *Dear Wife*, a turkey. The third of the series can be described as a turkey croquette. Like its predecessor, *Dear Brut* celebrates the adolescent excesses of Mona Freeman, playing a feminine Henry Aldrich. This time she cues Edward Arnold's slow burns and Billy De Wolfe's prissy swivets by trying to rehabilitate a hardened criminal (Lyle Bettger), who bears a special grudge against Judge Arnold. The result is the kind of movie that helps sell television sets.

Two of a Kind

On the prowl for fresh backgrounds at low cost, U.S. independent moviemakers have lately been shooting pictures abroad, with a U.S. star or two for box-office bait. Two samples:

Circle of Danger (Joan Harrison; United Artists) sets Ray Milland down in Britain as an American who suspects that his brother's wartime death in a Commando raid was really the result of foul play. Milland's hunt for the killer takes him to the Welsh coal pits, the highlands of Scotland, the English countryside, the streets of London. The tour has genuine atmosphere, but the story lacks pace and imagination, and gains no lift from Milland's romantic side trip with Britain's Patricia Roc.

Three Steps North (W. Lee Wilder; United Artists) wastes not only up & coming Lloyd Bridges and its Italian backgrounds and supporting cast (Lea Padovani, Aldo Fabrizi), but also a promising melodramatic idea. Bridges is an ex-G.I. who has served time for black-marketeering and goes back to dig up his loot. The site is a G.I. cemetery, and the nearby town is full of schemers trying to trip Bridges up for reasons of their own. They thicken the plot with so much intrigue that it curdles into the kind of confusion best followed with a score card listing names and numbers of all the actors.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Strangers on a Train. Alfred Hitchcock's implausible but dazzlingly tricky thriller about a psychopath (Robert Walker) with a new scheme for foolproof murder (TIME, July 16).

The Frogmen. How the Navy's underwater demolition teams cleared invasion beaches in World War II; with Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill (TIME, July 9).

Four in a Jeep. The timely story of a four-power MP patrol in Vienna, split by the plight of a Viennese girl in trouble with the Soviet command; with Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker (TIME, June 18).

Oliver Twist. Director David (Great Expectations) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (TIME, May 14).

On the Riviera. Danny Kaye plays a double role in a cinemusical whose laughs, songs and dances sparkle as brightly as its Technicolor (TIME, May 7).

Father's Little Dividend. In a lively sequel to the original Spencer Tracy-Joan Bennett-Elisabeth Taylor comedy, the Father of the Bride becomes a grandfather (TIME, April 21).

Kon-Tiki. An engrossing documentary record of how six men floated 4,300 miles from Peru to Polynesia on a raft (TIME, April 16).

Isle of Sinners. A stirring French movie (original title: *God Needs Men*), with Pierre Fresnay as a devout fisherman whose fellow islanders prod him into the sacrilege of serving as their priest (TIME, April 16).

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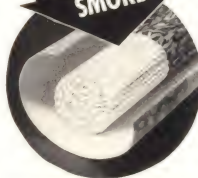
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*Reader's Digest,
January, 1930.

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Capsules

¶ In Picayune, Miss., a 7 lb. 2 oz. boy was born to an unmarried mother, 10; had a twice-married grandmother, 23.

¶ In U.S. medical laboratories, 1,342 workers have caught the diseases which they were investigating; 39 died.

¶ New Haven schoolchildren, "protected" against germs by ultraviolet lamps, got sick as often as "unprotected" kids.

¶ Fed up with conflicting theories on infant colic, two Manhattan pediatricians tried grandma's remedy on 28 babies: a rubber pacifier. It pacified all but three.

¶ Pathologist Robert P. Morhardt told the American Osteopathic Association: doctors should not try to prolong the life of a patient with an incurable ailment.

¶ A Chicago gynecologist found a new use for the pain-killing drug Edrisal: to kill the dependency which besets many mothers after childbirth.

¶ A Manhattan doctor asked the A.M.A. *Journal*: "Is there any harm in wetting the hair daily . . . ? I have done it for years and have all my hair . . ." Said the *Journal*: so right ahead.

Starches? Ugh!

Four and twenty fat women sat in a row. They hardly knew where they were—and didn't care. Eleven stories below, in Chicago's Loop, riveters chattered, but all they heard was a soothing, syrupy voice. Said the voice: "Close your eyes and relax." They did. "You are going to be deep, deep asleep in a few minutes." They slept.

The molasses voice flowed on: "You will be unable to use sugar, starches, oils or fats in your foods . . . Even the thought of them will be repulsive to you . . . You will not drink carbonated drinks any more, nor beer, nor liquor . . . You will end your bedtime snacks and your eating between meals. You will be satisfied with only half your usual quantity of food . . ."

The chunky owner of the voice, Edwin L. Baron, "master hypnotist," padded softly among the entranced women. When in eyelid fluttered, he put his hand on the sleeper's forehead, murmuring his message again. "Now I will count to three and you will wake up," he said briskly. With yawns and stretches, they woke. The lesson had lasted half an hour.

Baron's reducing classes have nicely filled the summer slump in his hypnotism lectures. At first he took no fees, but last week, with 70 clients, he began to charge newcomers \$2.50 a lesson.

Said Mrs. Miriam Shapiro, after losing 14 lbs. in five weeks: "I feel like I'm borrowing his will power. It's all in your head. My desire to eat the wrong foods is gone. I don't have to worry about diets." Mrs. Beatrice Barnett dropped 16 lbs. in two weeks, boasted: "I've lost absolutely all taste for sweets and in-between snacks. It's helped my bronchial asthma too, and I sleep nights."

Psychiatrists are leery of group hyp-

nosis: they say that a borderline mental case, thus hypnotized, may slip over the line into insanity. Baron insists: "My work is ethical and psychological. It's purely a research project."

Dollie Dimples (in private life, Mrs. Celesta Geyer of Orlando, Fla.) was heavier (555 lbs.) last year, worked as



HYPNOTIST BARON & CLIENTS
Ethical, psychological, slimming.

a carnival fat lady. Then she had a heart attack and retired from show business. Last week, on her 50th birthday, five-foot Dollie was down to 154. Said she: "It's simple. All anyone has to do is diet properly." She did it by cutting down to 800 calories a day (normal U.S. diet: 3,000 calories).

Doctors' Pay

How much do doctors make? Not as much as some people think, according to doctors themselves. This week the Department of Commerce had the figures for 1949: that year U.S. doctors (excluding interns and full-time teachers) averaged \$11,058 net. The figure was based on doctors' replies to a questionnaire, sent out jointly with the A.M.A. Key groups:

Neurological surgeons	\$28,625
Pathologists	22,284
Gynecologists	19,283
Members of partnerships	17,722
Full specialists	15,014
Doctors paid by fee	11,858
Part specialists	11,758
General practitioners	8,835
Doctors on salary	8,272

Doctors do best in medium-sized cities (about 350,000), worst in villages under 2,500 and cities of 1,000,000 or more. Lowest-paid big-city doctors in the U.S.: New York's.

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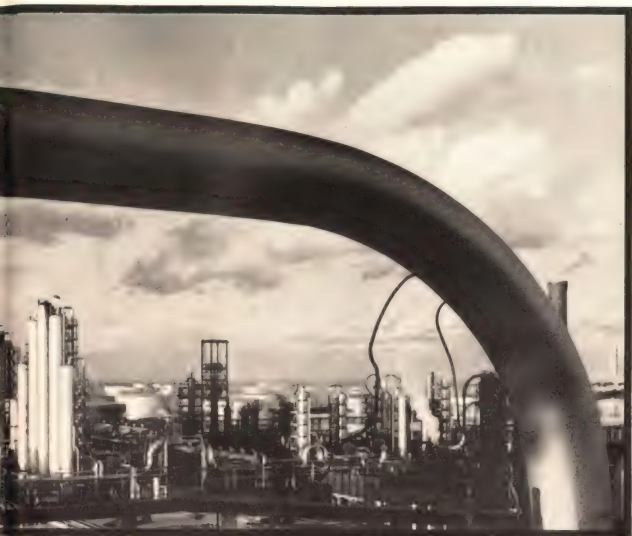


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BUSINESS & FINANCE

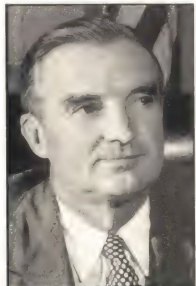
RAW MATERIALS

Tin Truce

Like two opposing field commanders discussing a truce, Bolivian Ambassador Ricardo Martinez Vargas and RFC Administrator W. Stuart Symington held an important conference in Washington last week. After four weeks of polite parleying, they came to terms: Bolivia agreed in principle to sign a 30-day contract to sell her tin to the U.S. at \$1.12 a lb., subject to the approval of the big Bolivian tin producers. The terms added up to a notable victory for Symington, who has been fighting a two-front war for lower prices for tin and other raw materials. One front is against Bolivia and other raw-material producers who have been egregiously gouging the U.S. The other is against some U.S. State Department career men who want the U.S. to pay high prices rather than do anything that would offend the selling nations.

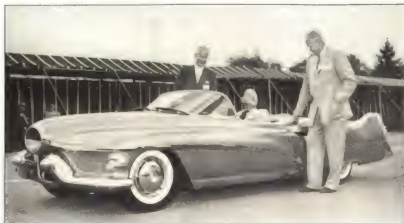
War Declared. Symington declared war two months ago when he stopped buying Bolivia's tin, at \$1.39 a lb., some 79% higher than pre-Korean prices. He began selling tin to U.S. consumers from the stockpile, in 18 days hammered the world price down to \$1.06. Since Bolivia gets 83% of its foreign exchange from sales of tin, chiefly to the U.S., its economy began to shake. State Department officials feared that a depression might cause a revolution in Bolivia that would at least result in sweeping anti-U.S. forces into power.

In a series of blunt sessions with the State Department, Symington stuck to one principle: if the State Department wanted to bolster the Bolivian economy, it should get a foreign aid appropriation from Con-



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gress. It had no right to expect him to exact an artificial subsidy from U.S. consumers.

Hazy Figures. To find a fair price, Symington and State sent a joint commission to Bolivia last month. The commission discovered that the Bolivian government had only hazy figures on tin production costs. In effect, the producers started out with a selling price, such as \$1.50 a lb., then "justified" it by arbitrarily setting their costs, e.g., labor and equipment, 53¢; taxes, 54¢; dividends, 18¢. Since labor costs were only 23% of the selling price, Symington argued that the tin barons and not the workers got the benefits of high prices. (Average Bolivian income is 1/40th of average U.S. income.) Furthermore, the higher the price of tin, the less the Bolivians produced. Like the rest of the tin producers, the cartel-minded Bolivians are primarily concerned with avoiding overproduction. From 42,200 tons of tin concentrates in 1945, Bolivian production fell to 31,000 tons last year.

Symington thinks the new price fair until the joint commission unscrambles the tin producers' arithmetic and discovers the true cost of producing tin. Symington's tough policy has been felt in the world tin market; this week tin hit \$1.02 in Malaya. In a year, Symington thinks that, under the RFC's tough price policy, the U.S. will save \$500 million on tin alone. The fight also served notice on all the raw-material-producing countries of the world that the U.S. is willing to pay a fair price for materials, but that it won't be cheated, even by its friends.

AUTOS

Dream Car

At General Motors' proving ground in Milford, Mich. last week, newsmen climbed into a grey, rocket-like auto only 3 ft. high, sent it hurtling around the test track at speeds up to 110 m.p.h. It was the first public showing of G.M.'s Le

Sabre, the experimental convertible which G.M. Designer and Style Boss Harley J. Earl called "the car of the future." Even if motorists never get to buy a car exactly like Designer Earl's dream car, future G.M. models will have some of Le Sabre's 80 new gadgets and engineering changes.

Powered by a 300-h.p. V-8 engine, Le Sabre at present has a top speed of 130 m.p.h., with minor adjustments is expected to do 150 m.p.h. The 10-10-1-compression engine runs on a mixture of alcohol and premium gasoline. Built of light aluminum and magnesium alloys, Le Sabre weighs 4,000 lbs., less than many standard U.S. convertibles. Even though its 11.5-inch wheelbase is the same length as a Chevrolet's, Le Sabre rides like a Cadillac.

To run its spectacular array of gadgets, the car has 60 controls and gauges, 14 separate electric motors. At the touch of a button the doors open. To make getting in & out easy, the convertible top snaps back part-way when the door opens, then locks in place again after the door is shut. When the top is down, rain will raise it automatically as it hits a sensitized plate on the seat.

The experimental car's headlights are concealed behind the air-scoop grill which revolves at the flick of a switch. Other features: thermostatically controlled electric seat warmers, fenders that swing up on hinges to make tire-changing easier. Motorists are not exactly clamoring for some of those innovations, but Le Sabre has one feature that is in widespread public demand: built-in hydraulic jacks under each wheel.

The new jacks may be on G.M. models within two years. More radical changes, such as Le Sabre's engine, are five or ten years away.

* Buick General Manager Ivan L. Wiles, Designer Harley Earl (at the wheel), G.M. Chief Engineer Charles A. Chayne.

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OIL

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An oil boom is on in Montana. The Shell Oil Co. struck petroleum on land leased from the Northern Pacific Railway in northeastern Montana's Dawson County, and speculators were hustling in last week to snap up the remaining drilling rights on a million acres of surrounding territory. Oilmen are excited about the strike because it is the first commercial well to tap the Montana section of Williston Basin, a vast layer of sedimentary rock under much of North and South Dakota, Montana, and parts of Canada. The well is only 100 miles from Tioga, N. Dak., where the first strike in the entire Williston Basin was made four months ago.

Taken together, the two wells led some geologists to believe the basin might hold a big new oil pool. They think it may hold as much oil as Canada's fabulous Leduc pool in Alberta. But no one will know the size of the field until many more wells are drilled. Wall Streeters are not waiting. On the New York Stock Exchange, Shell Oil common jumped six points in four days to 64, the year's high, while Northern Pacific climbed five points to 47½, highest in 20 years.

SMALL BUSINESS

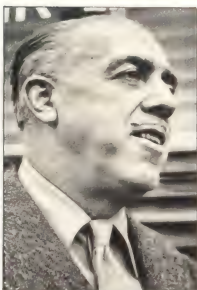
The Forty-Percenters

The Senate's Small Business Committee, a restive watchdog, last week barked at big business. Charged the committee: ten large manufacturing companies* have received 40% of the \$22 billion worth of defense contracts awarded since Korea. By hogging defense contracts, said the committee, big corporations have choked off supplies of critical materials to small companies, which can neither carry on civilian production nor get defense work.

If the committee had looked more closely at arms production it might have held its scolding tongue. Big companies get the bulk of prime contracts because they alone have the facilities to turn out such big items as bombers, ship generators and half-tracks. But they subcontract their orders to thousands of small businesses. Examples: Lockheed Aircraft Corp. has signed up 4,000 firms, of which 2,835 are small businesses (fewer than 500 workers); General Motors Corp.'s normal list of 12,500 suppliers will soon be swelled to 19,000 by subcontracting.

Even in prime contract work, small businessmen were doing pretty well. As the Defense Department tapered off on letting contracts for heavy "hardware" and started ordering many less complicated items, the small business share of prime contracts has jumped from 21% to 28%.

* The committee's top ten as of June 1: General Motors Corp., \$3.5 billion in defense contracts; Ford Motor Co., \$1 billion; Boeing Airplane Co., \$960 million; Curtiss-Wright Corp., \$840 million; Lockheed Aircraft Corp., \$674 million; Republic Aviation Corp., \$549 million; General Electric Co., \$520 million; United Aircraft Corp., \$490 million; North American Aviation, \$481 million; Bendix Aviation Corp., \$475 million.



DAVID BEHNCKE
Let them shoot their wives.

AVIATION

Dropping the Pilot

As founder and for 20 years boss of A.F.L.'s gold-plated Air Line Pilots Association, Chicago's David L. Behncke did well for his 6,000 union members. Once a crack pilot himself (United Air Lines), Behncke helped block airline salary cuts during the depression, reduced pilots' flying time from 140 hours a month to 85, won raises that have brought top pilots' salaries to \$15,000, lobbied in Washington for better air-safety regulations.

In the union paper he edited, Behncke never failed to tell his pilots how much he had done for them. "To be perfectly honest," Behncke once said, "I never made any mistakes, even in the beginning."

1,000-Word Telegrams. But some of his union members disagreed. In 1947 they complained of Behncke's dictatorial methods, tried to unseat him in union elections. Behncke won, largely as a result of a 53-hour speech—"the best," wrote Editor Behncke, "the Old Man has ever made." But he lost some power. A.L.P.A. set up an executive board to check him.

In negotiations with United Air Lines this year, the pilots got fed up with Behncke's dragging, nagging way of doing things. They finally bypassed him as bargainer, picked Union Vice President Clarence Sayen, the 32-year-old pilot who shortly before had negotiated a contract with Pan American World Airways. Said one union member: "We're sick and tired of Behncke's thousand-word telegrams giving the world 24 hours to get out." Behncke was furious. He fired Sayen and two other union officials. But the executive board countermanded the orders.

Sweatshop? Behncke was also having trouble with the union's own employees; they complained that they were working long hours under sweatshop conditions, and that their wives didn't like it. Hard-

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working Dave Behncke made a harder answer than any airline boss ever made to a union negotiator. Snapped he: "They can shoot their wives, they can divorce them, but when anyone works for me I want him where I want him when I want him, and if he doesn't like it he can work for someone else." The union's office employees chose another course: they organized a union and appealed to NLRB.

Last week A.L.P.A.'s executive board had enough. In a session that broke up at dawn, the union's directors kicked Behncke out of the presidency, retired him on a pension of \$15,000 a year, equal to his salary as president. A.L.P.A.'s new president: Clarence Sayen. Cried ex-President Behncke, who threatened to take the whole matter to court: "Illegal Putsch!"

The \$100 Million Bet

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, lifelong specialist in the calculated risk, last week staked \$100 million on the future of his Eastern Air Lines. He signed final contracts for that much in new airplanes for Eastern, the largest replacement order in U.S. aviation history. The orders were for 30 four-engined Lockheed Super-Constellations and 60 twin-engined Martin 4-0-45. They will add an average of 65 m.p.h. to the speed of the Eastern fleet and will boost passenger capacity by 175%.

The Super-Connies are 18.4 feet longer than present ones, will carry 38 passengers instead of 60, have a 40% bigger payload. The first planes, which will go to Eastern in three months, will cruise at 319 m.p.h. Later models, with new 3,250-h.p. Wright engines, will cruise at 350 m.p.h.

The 280-m.p.h., 40-passenger Martins will replace Eastern's slower 21-passenger DC-3 fleet, will be used on short hauls beginning in December.

When all deliveries are made, Eddie Rickenbacker estimates that his big fleet will boost Eastern's traffic revenues, now running at an estimated \$105 million a year, to \$160 million by 1953. With that much money coming in, Captain Eddie, who is borrowing \$30 million from banks for his new planes, expects to pay most of it back, plus the other \$70 million, out of earnings. And he doesn't intend to lose money selling his old planes. Demand for secondhand transports is so heavy that the canny captain thinks he can sell them off for 75% of their original cost.

PERSONNEL

Second Man

In the 1911 class yearbook of Alabama Polytechnic Institute (Auburn) the picture of Hal Stephens Dumas (a graduate at 18) appeared with the caption: "He will be president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co." Last week Hal Dumas, 58, became the next best thing. He was made executive vice president of the \$11.5 billion company, one notch below President Cleo F. Craig (TIME, July 9).

The yearbook prophet had a little advance information: Electrical Engineer Dumas was already signed up to work for A. T. & T.'s Southern Bell. Starting as a



Frank Tuggle—Atlanta Journal
A. T. & T.'s DUMAS
48,600 acquaintances.

\$50-a-month trainee, Dumas rose through the traffic department, claims to know "personally 90% of the 54,000 people who work for Southern Bell." One of those he met was Cleo Craig, for three years A. T. & T.'s long-lines boss in Atlanta.

Dumas became operating vice president of Southern Bell in 1938 and president in 1943 (last year's salary: \$75,000). Go-getter Dumas is also an enthusiastic local do-gooder, which is what Bell likes its executives to be. Said one friend: "Hal is just naturally a boy scout—as well as a good businessman."

Under President Dumas, Southern Bell expanded faster than any other A. T. & T. unit. Since the war it has put \$100 million into new rural lines; its revenues have



John Zimmerman
AMERICAN'S BROTHERS
700 moves.

doubled (to \$286 million), its telephones increased from 1.7 million to 3.5 million. When Dumas moves into A. T. & T.'s No. 2 spot in New York (estimated salary: \$115,000 a year), he will bring with him two reminders of the South. One is the Confederate flag that he keeps in his Atlanta office. The other is his drawl. Says he: "I don't know whether they will understand my rice-water talk up in New York. I talk like I have grits in my mouth."

First Woman

Into a \$25,000-a-year vice-presidency at American Airlines last week stepped Carlene Roberts, 37, a pretty Midwesterner who joined the company as a \$150-a-month secretary fourteen years ago. She is the first woman in airline history to hold such a top job.

A graduate of the University of Oklahoma (she worked her way through with odd secretarial jobs) Miss Roberts put in a year and a half as a social worker with the New Deal's Federal Emergency Relief Administration, learned stenotyping at night school, and went to work as a secretary for Oklahoma City's Chamber of Commerce. There her quick mind and talent for getting along with people were spotted by Braniff Airways Vice President O. M. Mosier. When he went to American Airlines as a vice president, he took Carlene with him.

She soon graduated from secretary to personnel work. When American switched its headquarters from Chicago to New York's La Guardia Airport, it sent her ahead to survey housing, recreation facilities, churches, etc., in the area. She wrote a pamphlet giving all the answers, bossed the move of 700 employees, with scarcely a hitch. When American opened an administrative office in Washington in 1942, she was picked to help run it. She dealt expertly with government agencies, got to know important people in & out of Congress, became an accomplished lobbyist for the airline's projects.

DIVIDENDS

The Pay-Off

Cash dividend payments by U.S. corporations during the first five months of 1951 hit a record \$2.5 billion, about 11% higher than a year ago. Other income is rising even faster: U.S. personal income (including wages, salaries, farm income, etc.) rose to an annual rate of \$246 billion in the first five months of this year, 14% better than the same period in 1950.

GOVERNMENT

Independents' Day

Oklahoma's Senator Bob Kerr is an oil-rich Democrat who makes no bones about sticking up for the oilmen's interests on Capitol Hill. Last year, he touched off one of the biggest fights of the year with a bill to exempt independent natural gas producers (i.e., those who own no interstate pipelines) from control of the Federal Power Commission. Bob Kerr won his battle in Congress, but suffered defeat at the

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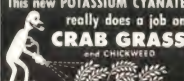
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GOING ABROAD?

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are available on newsstands and through con-
cierges in all principal cities of the world.

hands of old friend Harry Truman, who vetoed the Kerr bill.

But last week Bob Kerr and the oilmen got what they wanted—thanks chiefly to another old Truman friend and fishing partner, FPC Chairman Mon Wallgren, former governor of Washington and Truman's hand-picked candidate for the FPC job, announced that FPC had decided that independent gas producers were not within its jurisdiction after all. The circumstances surrounding the announcement were odd: FPC, which usually takes weeks to hand down a decision, got this one out nine days after oral hearings were over on a test case concerning Phillips Petroleum Co., world's biggest natural gas producer. Chairman Wallgren said he made his announcement, though the written decision may not be ready for months, to correct "garbled information."

In the hearings, FPC's lawyers argued that Phillips' gas prices should be under the same control that FPC has over the pipeline companies. Phillips replied that its gas, when sold, was not an interstate commerce and that natural gas prices were so low that FPC control was not needed. It argued that the threat of FPC control was checking expansion of the gas industry; oil companies were capping their gas wells instead of going into natural gas. Some oilmen also feared that FPC might pull the whole petroleum industry under its control as a public utility.

Despite FPC's decision, the gas fight is not over. The commission's verdict will almost certainly be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court by the big natural gas consuming cities of the Midwest.

The First Tightens

The Senate Committee probing RFC last week drew a bead on one of RFC's best customers—Kaiser-Frazer Corp. In a 30-page report, the Committee charged RFC should not have made a \$34 million loan to K-F in October 1949. Even though K-F would have gone bankrupt without it, said the Committee, K-F's prospects of repaying out of earnings were so dim that "the public [interest] . . . did not justify the use of public funds to continue operation of K-F as an auto company." Following the first loan, K-F tapped RFC for \$35 million more, repaid about \$11 million. That wasn't fast enough for RFC Administrator Symington. Last week, he ordered K-F to start cleaning up \$20 million of its debt by December 15, 1951, some 2½ years ahead of schedule.

COMMUNICATIONS

Thaw

The Government's three-year-old freeze on new TV stations, said FCC Chairman Wayne Coy, will probably be lifted within six months. Even then, cities without stations (e.g., Denver, Des Moines, Corpus Christi) will probably not get them built for another year at least—until FCC has had a chance to screen all the applicants. But in five years, the U.S. should have 1,500 TV stations, v. 171 now; in ten years, said Coy, there should be 2,500.

MILESTONES

Born. To Lucille Ball, 30, orange-haired cinemactress (*Du Barry Was a Lady*), and Desi Arnaz, 34, Latin bandleader: their first child, a daughter; in Los Angeles. Name: Lucie Desirée. Weight: 7 lbs. 6 oz.

Born. To Maureen O'Sullivan, 40, Irish-born cinemactress (*Tarzan and His Mate*, *Tarzan* etc.), and John Farrow, 46, film director: their seventh child, fourth daughter, in Los Angeles. Name: Teresa Mary. Weight: 8 lbs. 1 oz.

Died. Admiral Forrest Percival Sherman, 54, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations; of a heart attack; in Naples, Italy (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Robert Joseph Flaherty, 67, No. 1 pioneer of the documentary film *Nanook of the North*, *Louisiana Story*; after long illness; in Dummerston, Vt.

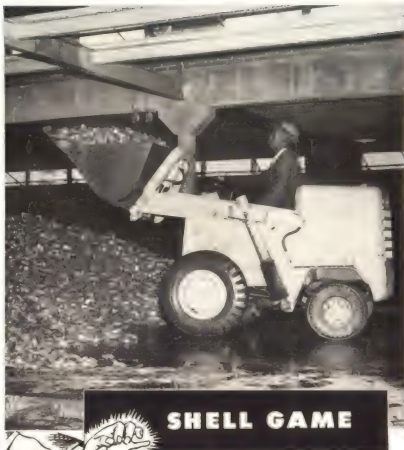
Died. King Abdullah Ibn-Hussein, 60, Arab ruler of the Kingdom of Jordan; by an assassin's bullet; in Old Jerusalem (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm Viktor August Ernst von Hohenzollern, 60, eldest son of the late Kaiser Wilhelm II, great-grandson of Britain's Queen Victoria; of a heart ailment; in Hechingen, southwest Germany. During World War I, as commander of the Reich's Fifth Army, he took a decisive beating from Marshal Pétain at Verdun, fled to ignominious exile in Holland. In 1923, he returned to Germany, hoping to succeed his deposed father, instead bowed to Hitler, joined the Nazis. Near the end of World War II, the French found Wilhelm hiding in Austria and contemptuously sent him back to his Hechingen chalet.

Died. William H. Balmgarnie, 82, senior classics master at Leys School, Cambridge; of a heart attack; in Portmadoc, Wales. During World War I, he taught Latin and Greek to a student named James Hilton, who later used him, in part, as the model for *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Died. Adam Stefan Cardinal Sapieha, 84, Archbishop of Krakow, last free Roman Catholic cardinal behind the Iron Curtain, foe of Poland's Red regime; after long illness; in Krakow, Poland.

Died. Henri Philippe Omer Benoît Joseph Pétain, 95, Marshal of France, hero of Verdun in World War I, symbol of French defeatism and defeat in World War II; in Port Joinville, Ile d'Yeu, where he had been since June 29, when his life prison sentence for treason, already commuted from death, was commuted again to confinement in a hospital. To the end, Pétain insisted that, as Premier in 1940, he capitulated to the Nazis and then collaborated with them to "spare" France. "You may judge me according to your conscience," he told the court. "Mine is clear.



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BOOKS

Big Click

PHOTOGRAPHY (255 pp.)—Cecil Beaton—Doubleday (\$6).

Little Cecil Beaton, aged three, hopped in bed with his "Mummie" one fine English morning and ran his eye over the day's mail that lay scattered on the eiderdown. There, in the shape of a photographic postcard of a popular actress, Cecil Beaton saw his fate. "The beauty of it," he recalls in *Photobiography*, "caused my heart to leap. . . . My passion for Miss Lily Elsie and my interest in photography were thus engendered at the same moment."

Cecil Beaton never got over his boyhood crushes on Miss Lily Elsie and photography. He pursued the latter with such relentlessness that he became one of the world's biggest clicks in fashion and society photography. Beaton's pen portrait of Beaton, like those he makes with his Rolleiflex, shows such a dazzle of lime-light about the subject's head that at times he seems not merely Beatonized, but beatified. Nevertheless, his book is a charming tattle-tale about the semi-private life of a sort of celluloid Cellini; and the tale is adorned with plenty of gossip about the rich and famous people Beaton has photographed.

Corpse on the Linoleum. All during his adolescence Beaton kept snapping Kodak pictures of his Mummie and his two sisters. At Harrow, he found a willing subject in a schoolmate, and posed him, early one morning, half nude in the headmaster's garden. The headmaster's wife witnessed the scene, and Beaton took no more neo-classic pictures at Harrow.

Cambridge was more tolerant of Beaton's talents, but Beaton's father, a timber merchant, was not. After Cambridge, Cecil was put to work for a Mr. Schmiegelow, typing invoices for bags of cement. A

young worldling of his acquaintance took pity. "Take it easy," he advised, "and become a friend of the Sitwells."

Beaton did. Soon he had his first show (full of such surrealisms as the famous photograph of Edith Sitwell—as a corpse on a strip of linoleum), and became notorious overnight as the wild man of British photography. In a few years puckish Cecil had captivated a good share of the rich society-photography trade in New York as well as in London, and had published a book of his photographs. One of Cecil's subjects, Lady Cunard, was so displeased with the book that she set her copy afire in the midst of a luncheon party, then seized a red-hot poker and ran it through from cover to cover, proclaiming: "He's a low fellow, and it's a terrible book!"

Monkey Tricks. The lady was wrong. Even in his earliest plates, Cecil Beaton showed himself to be a remarkably gifted photographer of women. His talent for the picturesque lie, his mastery of the cosmetic power of light, his ability to observe beautiful women with a severe detachment—almost as fine pieces of furniture—produced photographs that were sometimes as exquisitely unreal as the visions of Botticelli.

Beaton has been less successful in taking photographs of men. King George VI likes his work, but gruff old Winston Churchill gave him a bit of trouble. "Hey, damn you, young fellow!" he spluttered when Beaton tried to take a candid shot of him at work. "What the hell are you up to with your monkey tricks? . . . Wait till I'm prepared, the glass of port taken away, my spectacles so, this box shut, the papers put away thus. Now then, I'm ready, but don't try any further cleverness on me!"

Poet T. S. Eliot gently refused to be photographed. He said he couldn't decide whether to wear a hard or a soft collar,

Aboriginal Calamity

THE DEAD SEAGULL (142 pp.)—George Barker—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$2.50).

"What depth of shame do we lie in," muses the hero of *The Dead Seagull*, "when we sink back on the plush cushions of our disgust and sigh? It is the dog going back to his vomit, attracted to it by a simple miracle: it is his own."

George Barker's novel is the story of a sick young dog who would rather sniff in his misery than get well. As such, it is a reekingly unpleasant book; when the author waxes lyrical and theological about his nasty little mess, it becomes a concoited one. Nevertheless, *The Dead Seagull* has a clinical interest of its own as a crude dissection of evil.

Two Convictions. Barker's hero, who is nameless, is a young writer of 19 who has just been married to a girl three years older. His senses still swim in an adolescent daydream of genius. When he looks out of a window, he can envision a little girl being torn to pieces by archangels, but he can neither face the plain reality of his wife's pregnancy, nor meet a man's emotional and spiritual responsibilities in his marriage.

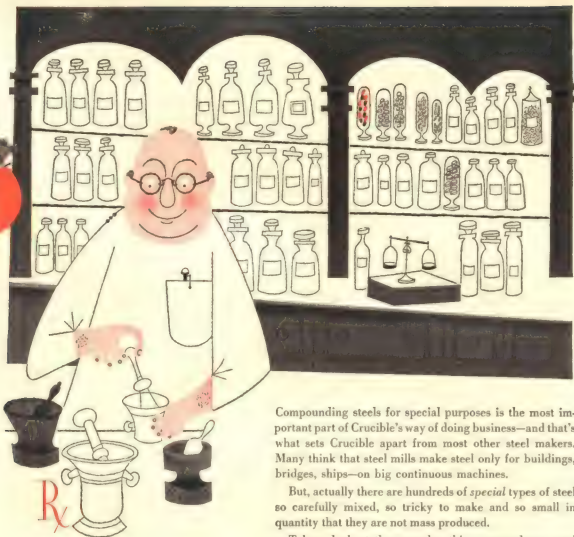
After a few months of treading in waters that are too deep for him, the frightened young dog goes off with a bitch who offers to assist at the extravagant sexual scenes he finds comfort in. He soon sickens of her and of himself. "Wherever I arrive," he moans, "I find my life in flames." Then more soberly he states his true predicament: "I am moved in my heart of hearts by two convictions: that I can do no wrong, and that I can do no right."

Too Late. He tries to repair his broken marriage, but it is too early for him and too late for his wife. She has a stillborn son, and dies soon after. Here the story ends. In a pathetic postscript to it, addressed to the son he never knew, the hero finds a moral in his experience.

"The human race," he quotes Cardinal



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TIME, JULY 30, 1951

83



IT IS JUST POSSIBLE that Charlie Rogers has made more doors than any other man alive. They add up to something over six million doors. Into them went his working hours of thirty-three years, which makes him a veteran at Simpson Logging Company's big plant.

Now and then someone asks Charlie if he doesn't get bored. No, says he, there is nothing boring about making doors. Now, you take a man who makes lumber, he never knows where it is going. Maybe a floor, a wall, perhaps a roof. But you make a door and you know it's going to be pretty important to a house. "I can make doors," he told this reporter, "and think about them too. A man could make quite a poem about doors; how they keep the winds and peddlers out; how they open wide when friends come. The door is where you find the milk and newspaper. It's where your wife says good-bye when you leave for work, and where the kids are waiting when you get home. It's where you nail the horseshoe."

Charlie Rogers is a door-sapper, the man who takes the many pieces that go into a door and assembles them, using in the process a sap, or maul. The components are stiles, rails, dowels, and panels. As he fits them together, with glue, Charlie saps them into place to form a unit, which goes to a clamping machine.

When the product leaves Charlie Rogers, it is a formal door, yet other things must still be done to it. Sapping is merely one of fifty-five operations necessary to make a door at Simpson's. Webster hasn't got around to door sapper yet. Charlie Rogers hopes the term will get into the big word book before he has sapped his next million, say, five years hence.

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If this column about Charlie Rogers has been interesting to you, you may wish to read Simpson's newly published 22-page picture-booklet which presents typical logging, lumbering and manufacturing operations in the great Pacific Northwest and Northern California. The booklet is free for the asking... no obligation, of course. Write to Simpson Logging Company, 1065 Stuart Bldg., Seattle 1, Wash.



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Newman, "is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity." And for himself he adds: "Love is the terrible aboriginal calamity... For freedom is the knowledge of necessity, and the necessity of the human is love, and the necessity of love is existence, and the necessity of existence is two sinning in a bed, and the necessity of two sinning in a bed is to be forgiven. It is thus that our only freedom is to be damned."

The logic is bad, but it expresses the immemorial conviction of men who would rather be safe anywhere, even in hell, than be exposed to the unbearable danger of looking into their own consciences. Author Barker, Englishman and minor poet, has little skill in the novelist's trade, none at all in creating characters; yet sometimes his phrases light up dark corners of the human spirit.

The Infernal Machine

LONELIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (238 pp.) — Kenneth Fearing — Harcourt, Brace (\$3).

Mikki was what Ellen Vaughn had instead of God. He was a strange deity chock-full of panels, bobbins, and spools of wire. His memory was perfect and his playback repertory ran to 463,635 recorded hours. Ellen's late father, an audio-research addict, had fed Mikki everything: Bach, stock-market predictions, forgotten pre-Edison records. "Some jukebox!" said her younger brother Charles, admiringly. But Mikki was more than a giant jukebox; he was first cousin to all the electronic brain machines whose touted destiny is to make modern man obsolete.

Without conscious malice, Mikki just about erased the Vaughns. Among Mikki's victims—as Ellen learns in playback sessions—were her stubborn father and brilliant elder brother. She hears the two in vicious argument over how best to exploit the machine's commercial possibilities, then grappling together on the ledge of the family's Manhattan penthouse. At last silent as they topple to their deaths. Casually, the unblinking Mikki goes on to expose the most shattering truth of all: the nice young gent who has been praising Ellen's pretty blue eyes is really trying to steal the secret of Mikki's mysterious panels and bobbins.

Ellen holes up like a recluse with the infernal machine, gradually realizes that Mikki is a modern vampire sucking the life out of all human relationships. In an unintentionally funny kiss-off scene, she turns to the monster-movie and says softly: "I don't like your soul..." Then, hauling out a heavy automatic, she riddles Mikki beyond repair.

Author Kenneth Fearing has tried to clasp a humanist allegory on a science-fiction frame. His real villain, the Industrial Revolution, is 200 years old, and his moral (Destroy the machine before the machine destroys you) has an antique creak. The author of that high-voltage thriller, *The Big Clock*, Fearing seems to have forgotten for the moment what time it is.

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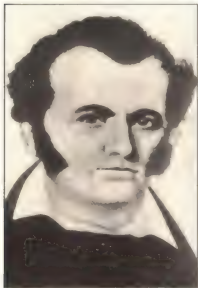
Sales Division, 1065 Stuart Building, Seattle 1, Washington

Frontier Excalibur

THE IRON MISTRESS (404 pp.)—Paul I. Wellman—Doubleday (\$3.50).

Some of the liveliest historical writing about the Old West (*The Trampling Herd, Death in the Desert*) is the work of an ex-cowhand and ex-Kansas newspaperman named Paul I. (Iselin) Wellman. All of it was done before Wellman went to the far West, all the way to Hollywood, in fact, where he became a scriptwriter. Now, in *The Iron Mistress*, a historical novel about Frontiersman James Bowie, he writes thus:

"[Jim Bowie] heard her gasp, a startled catch of the breath as his hand ran down her arched back with a sleeking motion, encountered the stunning soft abundance of her hips, and drew her hard against him. Mouth crushed to mouth. Perfumed, soft



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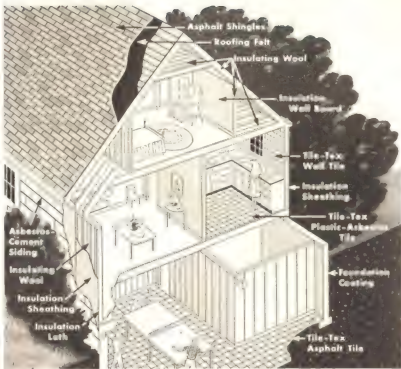
JIM BOWIE

Besides, Jean Lafitte was dead drunk.

as velvet, hot as fire, her lips trembled under his kiss."

The trembling lips belong to Catherine Villars, quadroon concubine of Pirate Jean Lafitte. It takes a brave man to meet her advances in Lafitte's own Gulf of Mexico island hangout, but no one can accuse Louisiana's Jim Bowie of lacking nerve. Besides, Lafitte is dead drunk at the moment. As for Catherine, who can blame her? Bowie is a bluff, broad-shouldered god, at once bold and gracious, a fighting terror whose terrible knife is to become a frontier legend, yet so gentle that a woman's touch makes him tremble.

Everything considered, Jim Bowie comes off mighty well in *The Iron Mistress*. Author Wellman admits that Bowie made his big killing smuggling slaves, the nastiest business of his day, but he uses his novelist's license overtime to show that Jim is uncomfortable in the slave trade and even pities some of its victims. In fact, he is in it only for the money. Even Jim's shady land speculations some-



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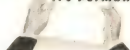
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how take on the look of unintentional wrongs.

The Iron Mistress is a creaking fictional makeshift when it strains to get inside Bowie's mind. Author Wellman is more successful when he describes the fightingest man of his day in action, the massive bowie knife flashing, his disemboweled foes falling all about him. No one, it seems, can stand up to peaceful Jim when his dander is up. It is a sad irony that he should be lying helpless on a cot when the Alamo is stormed by Santa Anna's men on March 6, 1836. Even then he sells his life pretty dearly. Bowie's four pistols account for four Mexicans. A fifth, "the holdest of them, lay with the knife buried in his heart."

RECENT & READABLE

Yangtze Incident, by Lawrence Earl. The story of H.M.S. *Amethyst's* memorable nighttime dash down the Yangtze after 101 days under Communist guns (TIME, July 23).

The Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger. A tender-tough story about a 16-year-old who tries on a man-about-town role several sizes too large for him (TIME, July 16).

The Sea Around Us, by Rachel Carson. The life & times of the sea; a first-class popular summary of what scientists have managed to learn about the subject (TIME, July 16).

Traveller's Samples, by Frank O'Connor. Warmhearted Irish stories with an edge to them (TIME, July 16).

This Is War! by David Douglas Duncan. Superb photographs that give an unrivaled sense of what Korea has been like for the foot soldiers who slugged it out (TIME, June 25).

The Teahouse of the August Moon, by Vern Sneider. The U.S. Army sets out to re-educate an Okinawan village and, thanks to ingrained Okinawan philosophy and a couple of geisha girls, gets a dose of re-education of its own (TIME, June 25).

A Soldier's Story, by Omar N. Bradley. The top U.S. military man tells how the war in Western Europe was fought and won (TIME, June 18).

The Age of Elegance, by Arthur Bryant. Third volume of a brilliant historical trilogy on England during the Napoleonic era (TIME, June 11).

The Ballad of the Sad Café, by Carson McCullers. A novelette, half a dozen short stories and three novels in an impressive omnibus (TIME, June 4).

Invitation to Moscow, by Z. Stypulowski. Gripping personal history by a Polish underground leader who refused to "confess," despite 70 days & nights of Soviet-style interrogation (TIME, June 4).

Some Notes on Lifemanship, by Stephen Potter. How to be a conversational cat (TIME, June 4).

Man and Boy, by Wright Morris. A quiet little horror story about Mother & Father Ormsby and their average bad marriage (TIME, May 28).

Inuk, by Roger Buliard. Recollections of a missionary priest who spent 15 years among the Eskimos (TIME, May 28).

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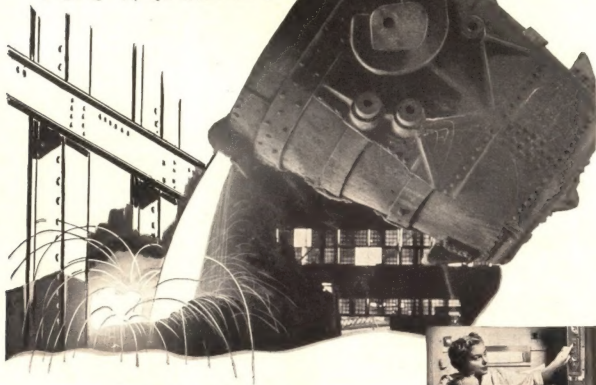
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T-7-30

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MISCELLANY

Laying the Ghost. In Bloomington, Ind., after his parents had told him to keep out of the barn because "there's a bogey man in there," five-year-old Philip Oliver smoked him out by burning down the barn.

Wirepulling. In Hong Kong, the Great Northern Telegraph Co. offered an \$800 reward for information on thieves who had stolen 3.36 miles of its cable from the bottom of the China Sea.

Cash & Carry. In Windsor, Ontario, a subtle thief broke into Vacationer Arnold McCarthy's house, then called a furniture dealer, who obligingly drove up with a van, made an estimate, paid on the spot and carted all the furniture away.

Fare Enough? In Holyoke, Mass., Taximan George Hamel advertised: "Tell us where you are—that's all we want to know. We'll take you where you want to go safely, comfortably," got a fast letter from 22 soldiers in Korea: "We are 16 miles north of the 38th parallel on the main supply route, third foxhole on the right, off in a rice paddy with very little water in it. Please pick us up as soon as possible."

Easy Out. In Portland, Ore., during a heated argument with a woman in a second-floor room, Sherman Baker walked out in a huff, under a misapprehension and through a window.

Knocking Fortune. In Coyote, N. Mex., Escaped Convict Leslie Oatis rapped on a door to ask for a drink of water, found he had chosen the home of the deputy sheriff who was searching for him.

Field Work. In Chicago, after Scoutmaster Frank Singleton had given his troop a lesson in artificial respiration, he rushed out to fight a grass fire, was felled by smoke, quickly revived by his pupils.

Modest Modes. In Mays Landing, N.J., 500 nudists held a fashion show.

Chance of a Lifetime. In Detroit, Edward Jefferson was acquitted after he told the judge how he happened to knock a policeman to the sidewalk: "I saw a big bee land just above the officer's collar on the back of his neck and I didn't want him to get stung, so I hit the bee as hard as I could."

Goodbye, Mrs. Chips. In Slough, England, Joseph Davies, 26, paid a nostalgic visit to his old schoolteacher, told her proudly of his success in life, then departed with her handbag.

Biological Warfare. In Hanau, Germany, when somebody squealed, Hotelman Josef Backhaus brought suit against a competing inn for planting bedbugs in his mattresses.



Mail Call

Mail call means so much to him. You can't know unless you've been there yourself. Back home, somebody sits down with a pen and begins, "Hi, Kid"—or, "My Son"—or, "Dear Superman"—or, "My Very Own Darling." And then, not too much later, the guy with the big canvas pouch shows up, and *your man*—if he's lucky—rips open an envelope and "goes home" for a little while.

Do you know what it's like out there, with the familiar pattern of living broken, with friends and loved ones in another world? Whether he's in combat or in training back home, he's been cut off. The monstrous monotony of fighting and waiting gives him the feel of having been forgotten. *If you could watch his face some time when he doesn't hear . . . when mail call passes him by . . .*

But when word from you makes him feel remembered and wanted, that's good. Maybe just the hometown paper, telling how Aunt Jenny took first prize with her strawberry jam. Or a box of something good to eat to share with a sidekick who wasn't so lucky this time. And best of all a letter—the closeness and reassurance and *belonging* that the right kind of letter always brings—that magic carpet trip back to Sheboygan, Brooklyn, Waterville, Four Corners.

Only *you* can put the magic in mail call. You mean to write often, but you're busy—busy?—and sometimes you forget, or put it off. *Don't!* And if you have no one in Service to write to, remember the men who have no one to hear from—and find out what you can do about it.

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